

Highlights for Children

November
1960

now incorporating *Things you're gonna want to know about* 35
about 37

Children's Activities

fun
with a
purpose

Hello!



Vol. 15, No. 9

Stories and Features

A Chat With the Editor	5
Hold That Line!—Robert Hurley	6
A Queer Way To Help—Edith Vestal	8
A Day of Surprises—Sylvia Allen	9
My Friend Many Legs, the Spider—W. S. Watson, M.D.	10
The Bear Family—Garry Cleveland Myers, Ph.D.	11
The Timbertoes—John Gee	12
Sammy Spivens—Dorothy Waldo Phillips	13
The Voyage of the "Mayflower"—Mabelle E. Martin	16
Now, What Do You Do?—Sesyle Joslin	18
Try This!	21
Thanksgiving Is for Everyone—George W. Baldwin	22
Moses Goes to Pharaoh—Dora P. Chaplin, S.T.D.	25
Denny, the Lonesome Dragon—Shirley Allen	26
How To Make a Cave—Rebecca Roman	28
Goofus and Gallant—Garry Cleveland Myers	30
Circus Dog—Lou and Campbell Grant	31
Our Own Page	32
Spanish Dance—arranged by Irene Harrington Young	34
Manuel de Falla—Irene Bennett Needham	35
"Thank You" Around the World—Charles F. Berlitz	36
Things You've Wondered About—Jack Myers, Ph.D.	37
Where Is My Number Ten Donkey?— retold by Frances Jenkins Olcott	38

Verse

A Grace—Agnes M. Worman	25
-------------------------	----

Things to Do

Find the Pictures	3
Thanksgiving Crossword Puzzle—Marjorie L. Rafal	14
For Wee Folks	15
Matching Dragons	20
Mind-reading Stunt—Maude E. Hallmer	21
Fun With Phonics	24
Hidden Pictures—John Gee	33
Brain Work	39
Things To Do—Barbara Baker and others	40
Headwork	42

This book of wholesome fun is dedicated to helping children grow in basic skills and knowledge, in creativity, in ability to think and reason, in sensitivity to others, in high ideals and worthy ways of living—for CHILDREN are the world's most important people.

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The National Conference
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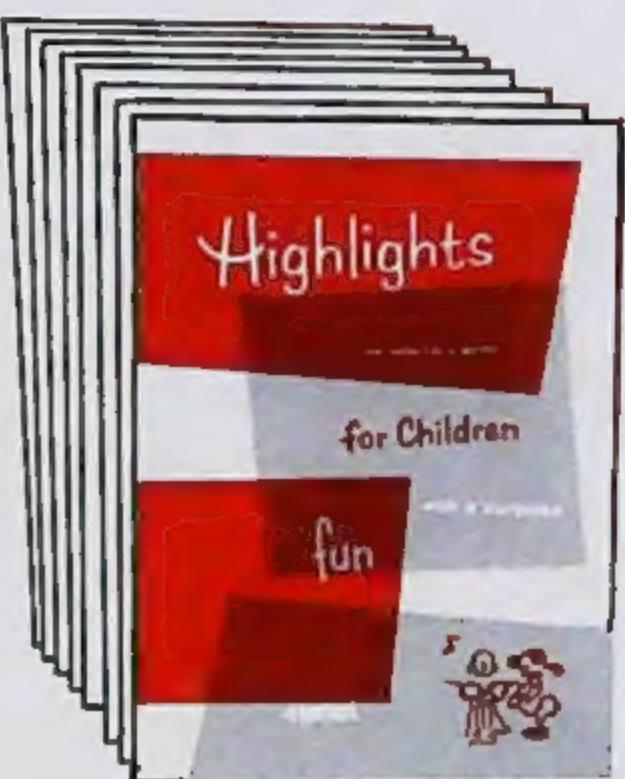
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the Pictures

find each of these
tures at another place
look?

A Guide for Parents and Teachers

4

This chart is to guide parents and teachers in selecting features from this issue which will prove most helpful to each particular child.

Page

	Preparation for Reading	Easy Reading	More Advanced Reading	Manners, Conduct, Living With Others	Health and Safety	Moral or Spiritual Values	Appreciation of Music and Other Arts	Nature and Science	Our Country, Other Lands and Peoples	Stimulation To Think and Reason	Stimulation To Create
3 Find the Pictures	✓	✓									
5 Editorial		✓	✓								
6 Hold That Line!		✓									
8 A Queer Way To Help	✓										
9 A Day of Surprises		✓									
10 Many Legs, the Spider		✓							✓		
11 The Bear Family	✓	✓	✓								
12 The Timbertoes	✓	✓									
13 Sammy Spivens		✓	✓								
14 Crossword Puzzle		✓		✓						✓	
15 For Wee Folks	✓	✓								✓	
16 The Mayflower		✓							✓		
18 Now, What Do You Do?		✓	✓								
20 Matching Dragons	✓	✓								✓	
21 Try This!		✓						✓	✓		
22 Thanksgiving		✓	✓								
24 Fun With Phonics	✓	✓							✓		
25 Bible Story		✓		✓							
26 The Lonesome Dragon		✓									
28 How To Make a Cave		✓				✓	✓				
30 Goofus and Gallant	✓	✓	✓								
31 Circus Dog	✓	✓									
32 Our Own Page		✓								✓	
33 Hidden Pictures	✓	✓							✓		
35 Manuel de Falla		✓				✓					
36 "Thank You"		✓						✓	✓		
37 Things Wondered About		✓					✓	✓			
38 Number Ten Donkey		✓									
39 Brain Work	✓	✓	✓							✓	
40 Things To Do		✓									✓
42 Headwork	✓	✓	✓							✓	

This star seen at the bottom of many pages indicates a footnote to parents and teachers.

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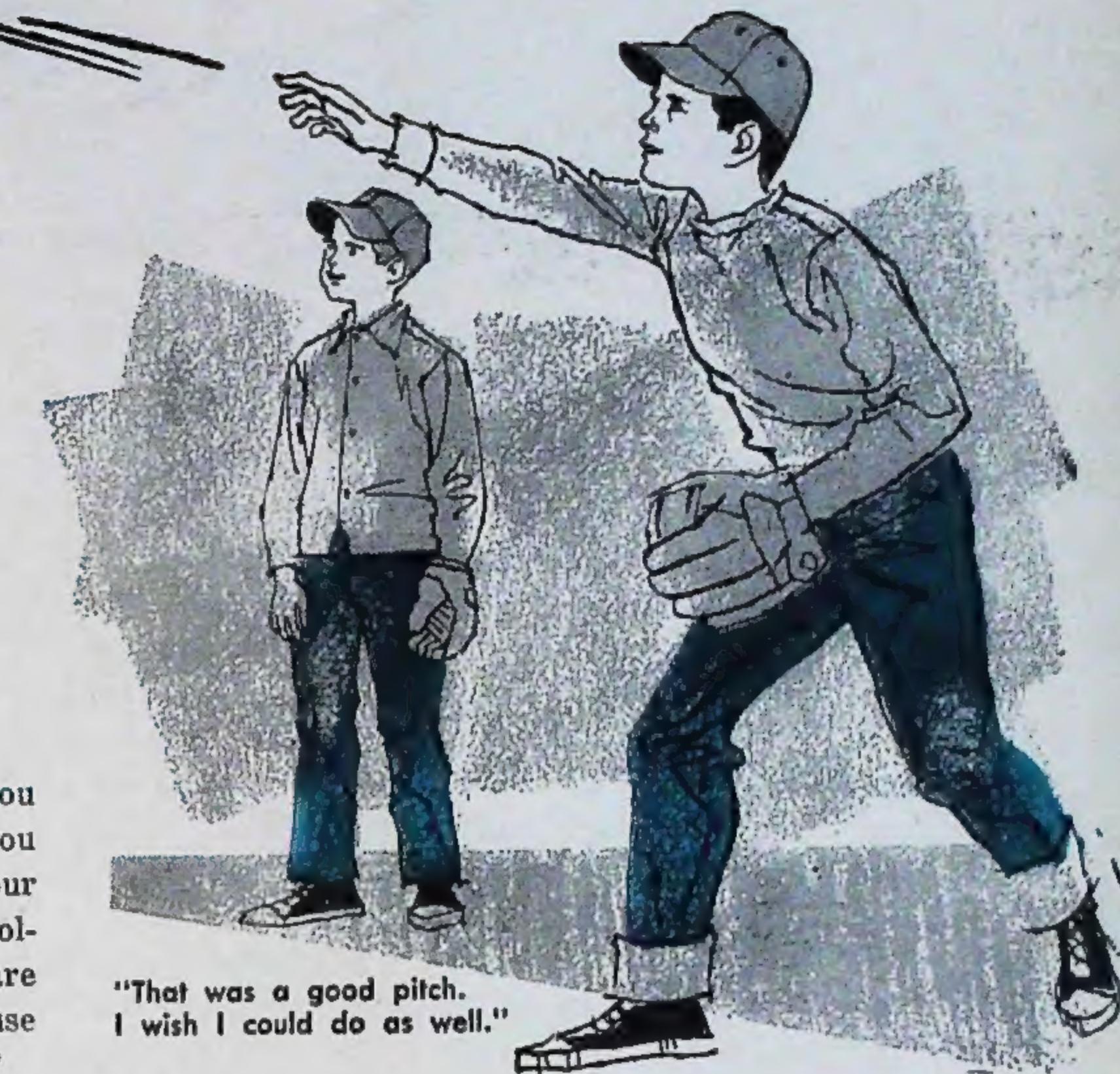
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Let's Talk Things Over



Everybody has some worries. What have you been worrying about? Do you worry that you might not keep on being the best among your playmates at games, or best among your schoolmates at books? Do you worry because you are only the second best? Do you worry because you don't do as well as most other children?

Suppose you worry because you never do as well at games or schoolwork as a certain other child. (Let us call him Zeb.) While you are doing arithmetic in class, you may watch Zeb so closely that you can't keep your mind on your own work. Then, as you feel unhappy that you are behind Zeb, you have more trouble, and may make some mistakes. These mistakes will worry you still more.

Perhaps Zeb speaks very well when he recites in class. You may worry because you are sure he speaks much better than you do. When you recite, you may not get the right words to say. You may often say uh or ah or and. You may feel all out of breath. Your heart may pound. Your knees may shake. You may not know what to do with your hands.

You have trouble keeping your mind on what you are trying to say. You keep thinking how much worse you are doing than Zeb could do. You wonder what Zeb is thinking about you. When at last you sit down, you feel miserable.

The same may happen next time you talk in class. It may continue day after day. It will, if you don't change your ways.

The first thing for you to do is to figure out how you can do better—not how you can do as well as Zeb. It won't help you to wish he didn't do so well. It will help you most if you

can feel glad that he does so well, and try to figure out why he does so well. For example, you might notice that he is sure about what he is going to say before he says it. He keeps his mind on what he is saying. He takes a good big deep breath before he starts. When he can't get the word he wants, he waits instead of saying and or ah or uh.

It will help you if you always watch and listen carefully when any other classmate speaks well, and if you learn to enjoy his success.

The same is true at play. If Zeb can play ball far better than you can, it won't help you to wish he didn't play so well. But it will help if you admire him and try to figure out how he does so well, then try to imitate him in these ways.

When you enjoy how well another person does something, you won't worry and feel ugly or discouraged because he does better than you can do. You feel glad of his success. You feel hopeful about yourself. You feel like trying harder. You do try harder, and you find yourself doing better and better.

George C. Myers

With the hope that the child will talk with his parents about anything that worries him.

Hold That Line!

By Robert Hurley
Illustrated by Wendell Keith Hall

"Hike!"

The ball shot back to big Willy Hays, and he came charging straight at me. I tried to stand there and wait for him—but I couldn't. I hated to admit it, but I was afraid. Willy Hays was just too big for me. When I saw him charging my position, his legs going up and down like hammers, something in me said, "Get out of the way!" And I couldn't tackle him. I tried to make it seem that I had tried, but I guess I didn't fool anyone.

"You big sissy," said Johnny March, our center. I was sore and I wanted to say something back at him, but I didn't dare. "Anyway," I thought, "he's right. I am a sissy."

And this was my big chance, too. I had always been on the second string. The coach had never let me play in a game before that was really important. But this time the first-string left tackle was sick and the coach had said to me, "OK, Eddie, go in there and show me what you've got. If you do a good job, maybe I'll put you on the first string!"

I looked down at the ground. I felt ashamed. Then we went into formation again. I squatted down and leaned forward on my outstretched arm. I braced my legs and dug in with my cleats.

"Hike!"

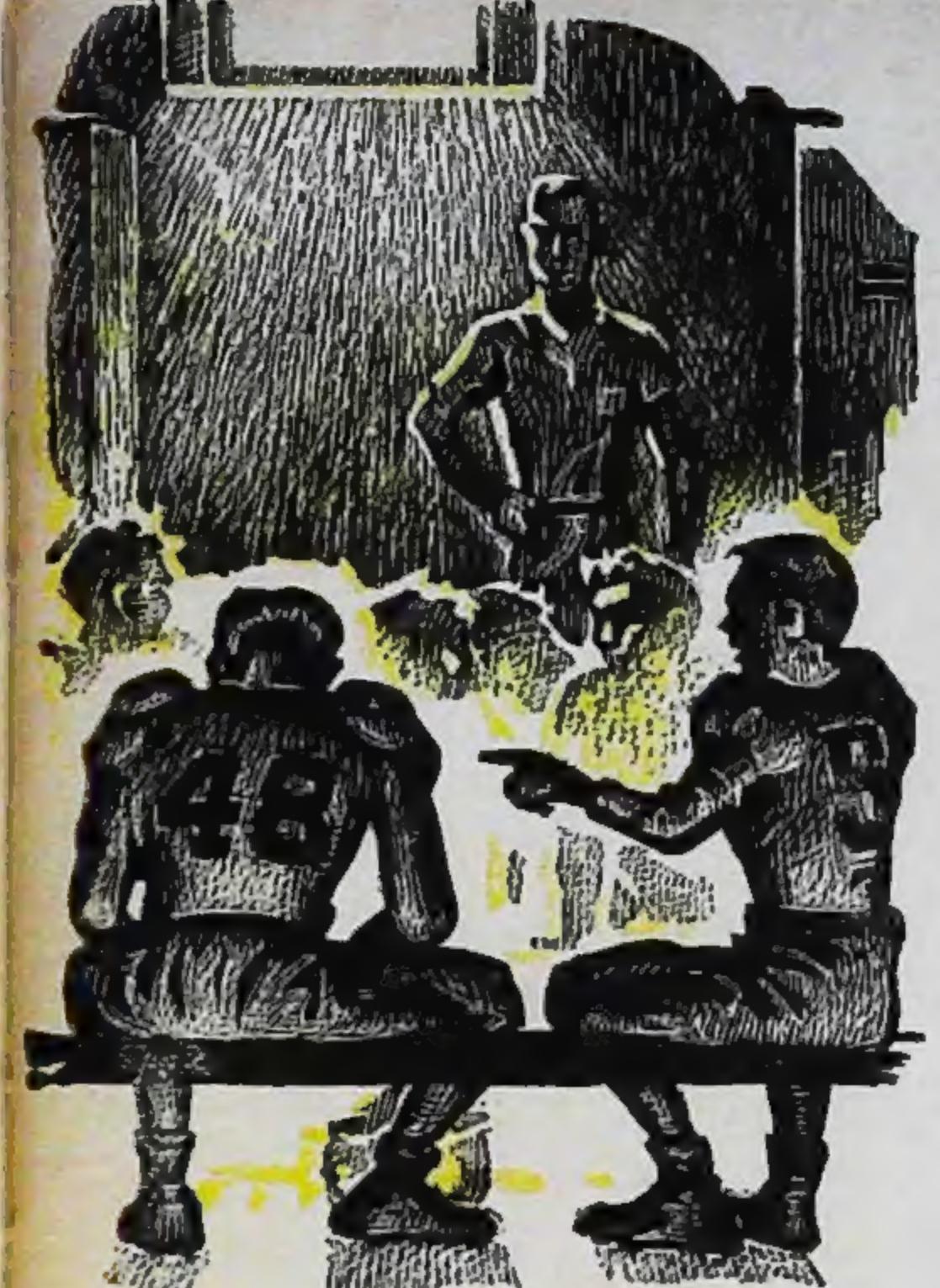
"This time I'm going to tackle him," I said to myself. "I'm going to stop him."

Willy Hays was going to carry the ball. He looked around for a minute for somebody to pass to, but there was no receiver. Then he decided to run. And he came at me! I gritted my teeth. He got bigger and bigger as he came on, and to me he seemed even bigger than he was. How could his legs go up and down so fast and how could he kick his knees so high? Here he was!

I tried to tackle him—I really did. But again that certain something inside wouldn't let me do it. I didn't have the nerve. I was a coward. At the last minute I swerved aside and only caught part of his shoe as he went by. I noticed he was smiling. He knew I was scared, and he was enjoying it.

The half-time whistle blew then, and we all went to the dressing room. We sat down on benches and the coach stood at the other end of the room under the window. He talked to us.

"You're not doing so well in this game," he said. I thought he looked



Willy Hays hadn't been running at me very much. They'd been trying a lot of pass plays that hadn't been working too well.

Now, in the last quarter, with time running out on them, Willy started to break through me. Again and again he ran at me, with those knees kicking up, and I could never stick it out. He always got through for five or six yards. I could see that time was in our favor, though. If we could hold them off the goal line just a little longer, time would be up and we would win.

Then suddenly there was only time for one more play. We went into a huddle. Johnny March was the captain, and he talked to us as we crouched around him.

"Listen, you guys," he said. "All we have to do is hold them this one time and we've won the game. Don't let them through!"

Then somebody said, "But they only have about three yards to go for a touchdown. If they try to go through Eddie, they'll win for sure."

Johnny looked at me with disgust. "We just have to hope they

don't try to run through him. If they do, we'll lose."

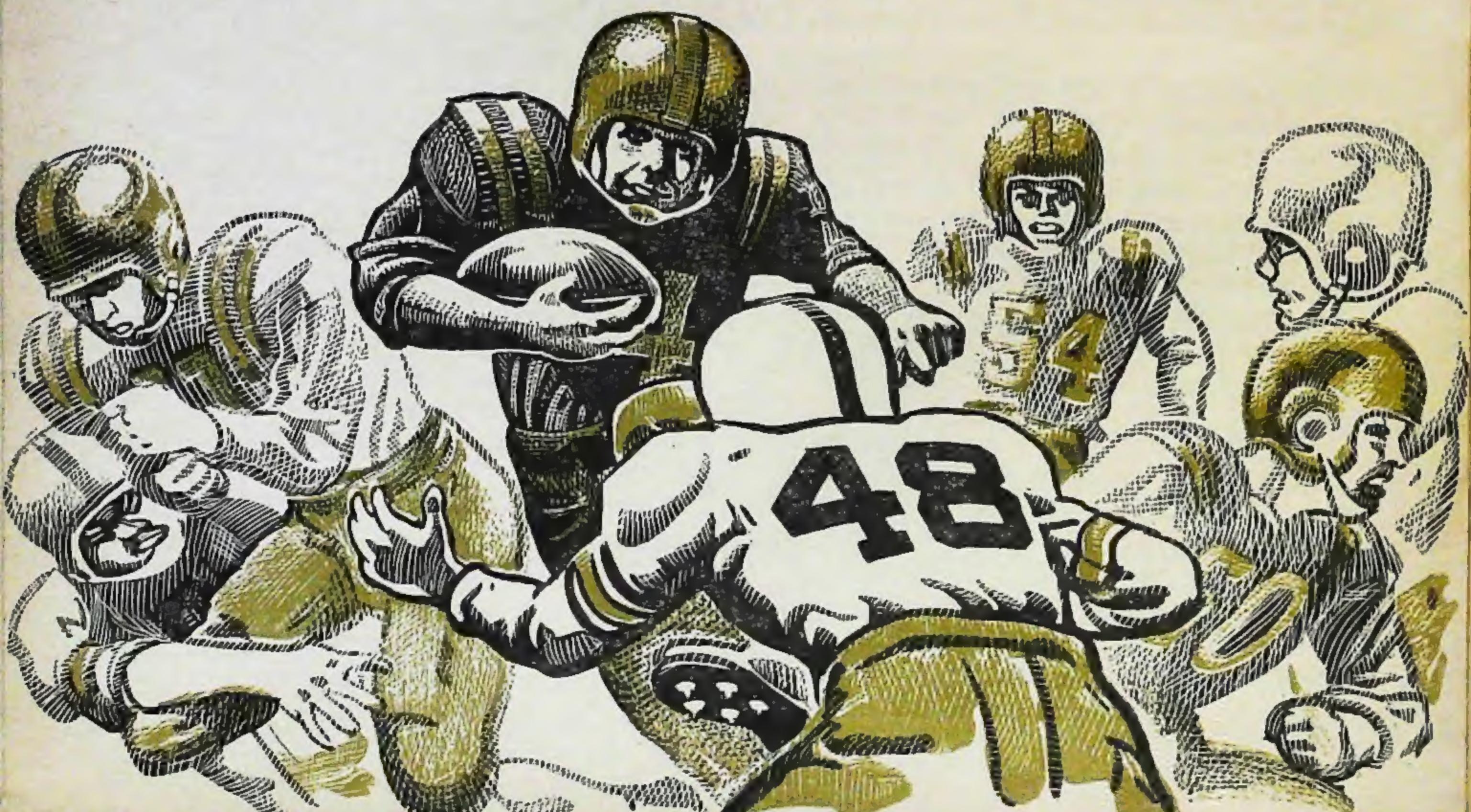
Then we went back into formation. The crowd was yelling, "Hold that line! Hold that line!"

"Hike!" There it was! The ball snapped back. It went straight to Willy Hays and Willy Hays came straight at me. He was smiling again. He thought he was going to break through easily and win the game!

I said to myself, "This is it! Now or never!" And I stood there. If I could have nailed my shoes to the ground, I would have done it. He got bigger and bigger and still I stood there. Here he was!

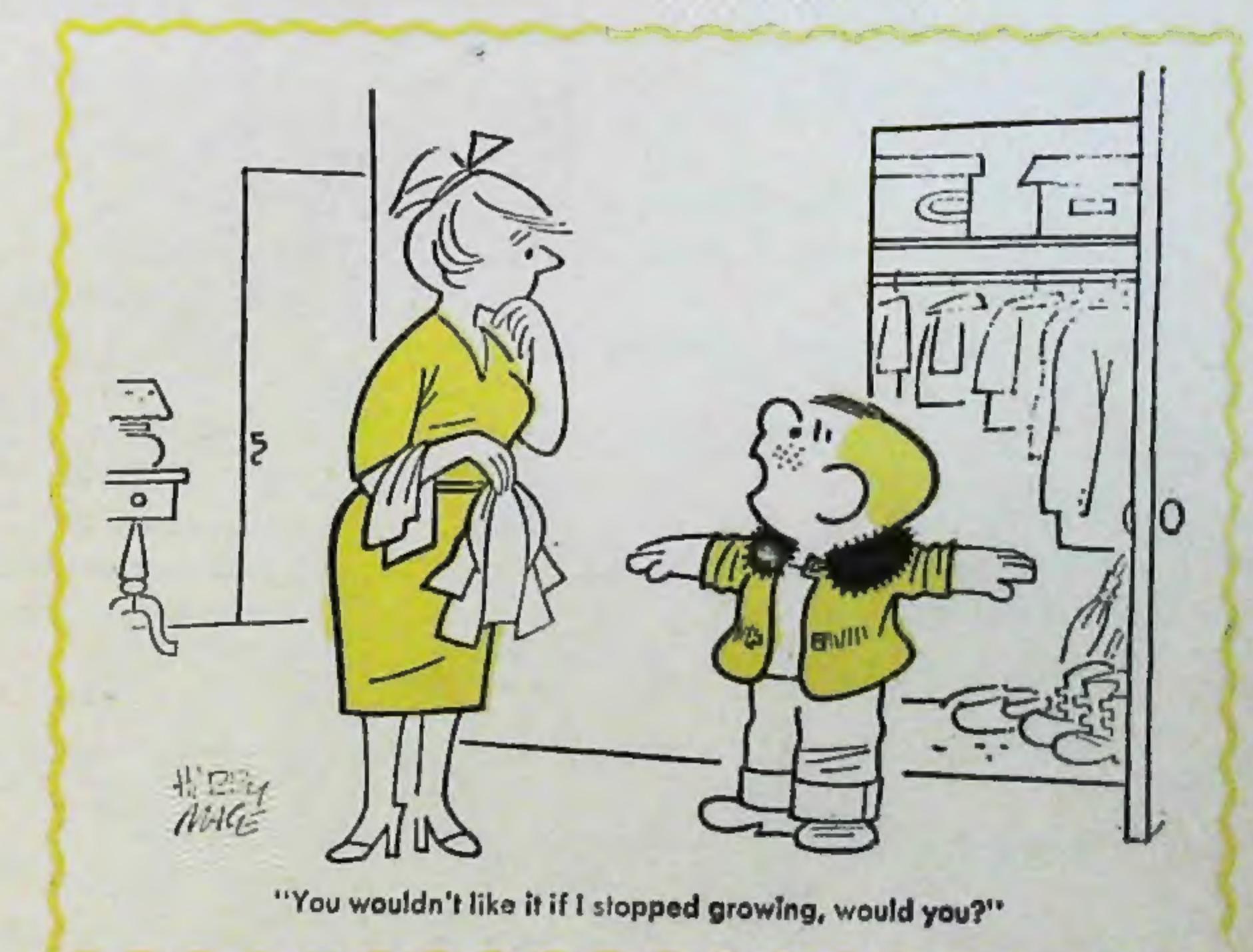
I put my head down and threw myself at his legs and shut my eyes. There was a terrific jolt and the next thing I knew we were both on the ground. The game was over. He hadn't made it. He hadn't got through me.

I got up, amazed. Of course it had hurt, but not nearly as much as I had thought it would. And I felt good. I had really tackled big Willy Hays and I had stopped him cold. We had won the game!



★

Arousing wishes to be rugged and have physical courage.



"You wouldn't like it if I stopped growing, would you?"

A Queer Way To Help

By Edith Vestal

Alice was going around the block, sometimes skipping, sometimes walking, sometimes stopping to pat all the little dogs she knew.

The second time she went around the corner, she saw Mary coming out of her yard with her little brother.



"Where are you going?" asked Alice.

"Nowhere," said Mary. "I am helping Mother get Thanksgiving dinner. Right now I am helping to wash the vegetables.

In a minute I will be helping to put the turkey in the oven."

"You are fooling," said Alice.

"No," said Mary. "I am really helping.

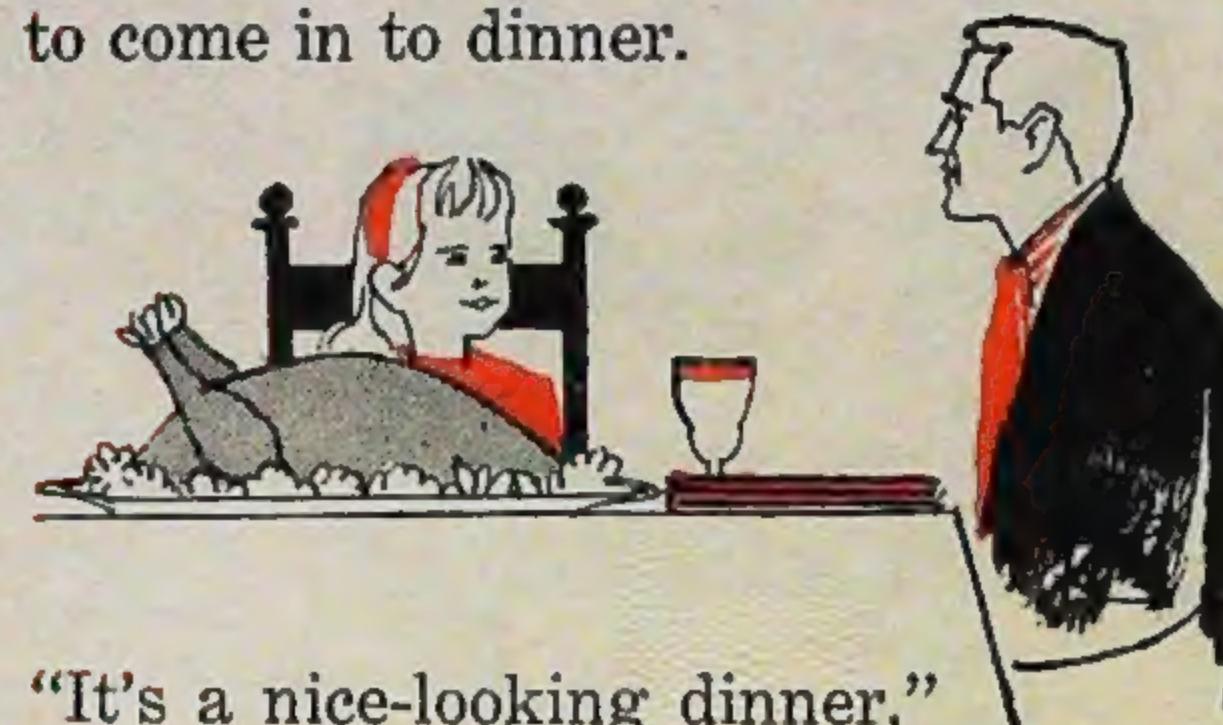
By the time we get to the corner,



I will be helping set the table."

"You are only pretending," said Alice.

Just then Alice was called to come in to dinner.



"It's a nice-looking dinner," said Daddy as they sat down at the table.

"Yes," said Mother, "it's a nice-looking dinner because Alice helped me."

"I helped you!" Alice was surprised.



"When I was busy in the kitchen," said Mother, "you lost your hat. You didn't ask me to find it. You put on your coat by yourself. You put on your rubbers by yourself. You stayed out of the kitchen. That is how you helped me get such a nice-looking dinner."

"Oh," said Alice, "now I know how Mary could help put a turkey in the oven when she was outside walking around the block."

A Day of Surprises

By Sylvia Allen

Illustrated by Alice Chapin

"I wish we had some roller skates," said Tony.

"So do I," said Tessa. "Apart from the fun we would have, we would get Mummy's errand done much quicker."

"But this is such a nice errand," said their mother. "I want you to take this note to a friend of mine. Her name is Mrs. White, and her house is the end one in Brook Street. You can't mistake it because it has a bright-red door." Then she smiled. "And when you get there, she has a surprise waiting for you."

Tessa and Tony thought that was very kind of Mrs. White, especially as they had never met her.

"What is the surprise?" asked Tony putting the note in his pocket.

"Oh, I can't tell you," laughed his mother. "It wouldn't be a surprise if I did."

Tessa and her brother then waved good-bye and set off. They finally found Brook Street, and a house with a bright-red door at the end of the street. They rang the bell and waited.

A lady opened the door, and ushered them into the house, saying, "Come along. You are just in time."

They followed her into a room. And there, to their delight, they saw a large table set for a party, and lots of children of their own age all wearing gay-colored paper hats, and shouting and laughing at the top of their voices.

"A party!" said Tessa. "Oh,



what a lovely surprise!"

They did not know any of the children, but soon learned that the party was for the birthday of a boy called Tim.

"Come and sit next to me," he called to them. "You can help me blow out the candles on the cake."

"It was nice of your mother to ask us to your party," said Tessa, sitting next to Tim.

"Yes, it was a lovely surprise," said Tony.

"It was a surprise for me as well," said Tim, "because she didn't tell me you were coming—although I'm glad you could come. I like having a lot of people at my parties. It's more fun."

Tim was right. It certainly was a lot of fun, and Tessa and Tony thoroughly enjoyed themselves. They had lovely things to eat, and a wonderful time playing games.

And afterwards, when it was time for them to go home, they both thanked Tim's mother for giving them such a nice surprise.

Then suddenly Tony remembered the note his mother had given him. "Oh, I had forgotten all

about it," he said, hastily taking it from his pocket and handing it to Tim's mother.

"But this note isn't for me," said Tim's mother, reading the name on it. "It is for Mrs. White."

"But aren't you Mrs. White?"

"Oh, no. My name is Mrs. James. Mrs. White lives at the OTHER end of Brook Street," Tim's mother replied. "You must have mistaken our house for hers, because they both have red doors."

"Oh, what a silly thing to do!" said Tessa.

Yet they still could not understand how Tim's mother had invited them into the house for the party, until she said, "I thought you were friends of Tim's." Then she added, "Although I am very glad I DID invite you, and I hope you will come and see us again very soon."

"Yes, so do I," said Tim. Then they all laughed.

"What a funny mix-up," said Tim. "I thought Mummy had invited you, and Mummy thought I had invited you."

"And before there are any more



mix-ups," his mother chuckled, "you had better hurry along to Mrs. White's house and give her the note."

So, laughing happily, Tessa and Tony waved good-bye, and were soon knocking on the door of Mrs. White's house.

"It's sure to be the right house this time," chuckled Tony, "because there aren't any more red doors on the street."

It wasn't until Mrs. White opened the door that they remembered they still had her surprise to come.

"Oh dear," thought Tessa, "I hope she hasn't got a party wait-

ing for us. I couldn't eat another thing."

But she need not have worried. Mrs. White's surprise was something which they had always wanted. It was a pair of roller skates each!

"Oh, this really is a day of lovely surprises," said Tessa.

"They belonged to my children," explained Mrs. White. "But now they have outgrown them, and I would like you to have them."

"Thank you very much," said Tessa and Tony together.

Then they put the skates on and hurried home to tell their mother of their two wonderful surprises.

My Friend Many Legs, the Spider

By W. S. Watson

"Oh my, oh my!" said I when I first saw him on the screen of our back porch. "What a queer, funny little fellow you are. You seem to be all legs and legs and legs. And then, too, you walk on such a silvery sort of thing, ever so much finer than a hair. I should think you would be afraid it might break, and you would fall—but it never does. It must be made of wonderful stuff."

At first I thought him very ugly, and then I thought, "If I had a papa and mama just like him, I would be like him."

Soon I became used to him and grew to love watching how he lived—where he slept and what he ate. Above all I found out how patient and still he could be. And before long I began calling him Many Legs.

Before long I began to notice that he caught flies, mosquitoes, and moths, and so helped Mother

keep her house free of these pests. I guess I'll never learn to enjoy eating these things, but my friend the spider does. How wonderful is Mother Nature, for she has many little friends who help us keep free of things that hurt us.

When I came close to his silvery web home, he would get frightened and run away. I think he feared I would destroy him. Soon, however, we became very good friends, and if he saw me from his little house, he would come running out onto the silver web, and look and look at me—for he no longer feared me.

We were happy to see each other all summer. But now that winter has come, my friend the spider comes out to greet me no more. I suppose it is too cold for him, but I hope he comes back to greet me next spring, for I miss him very much and I feel sure he misses me, too.



The Daily Roundup

By Garry Cleveland Myers

Pictures by Z. Virginia Filson



Mother: "Nearly time for dinner. Where's Piddy?"
Woozy: "I'll telephone."

Father: "Piddy! Piddy! Piddy!"
Poozy: "I'll go hunt for him."



Mother: "Every evening we have this trouble."
Woozy: "Why don't you do something about it?"



Father: "Has Piddy been around here?"
Neighbor: "He was here a few minutes ago."

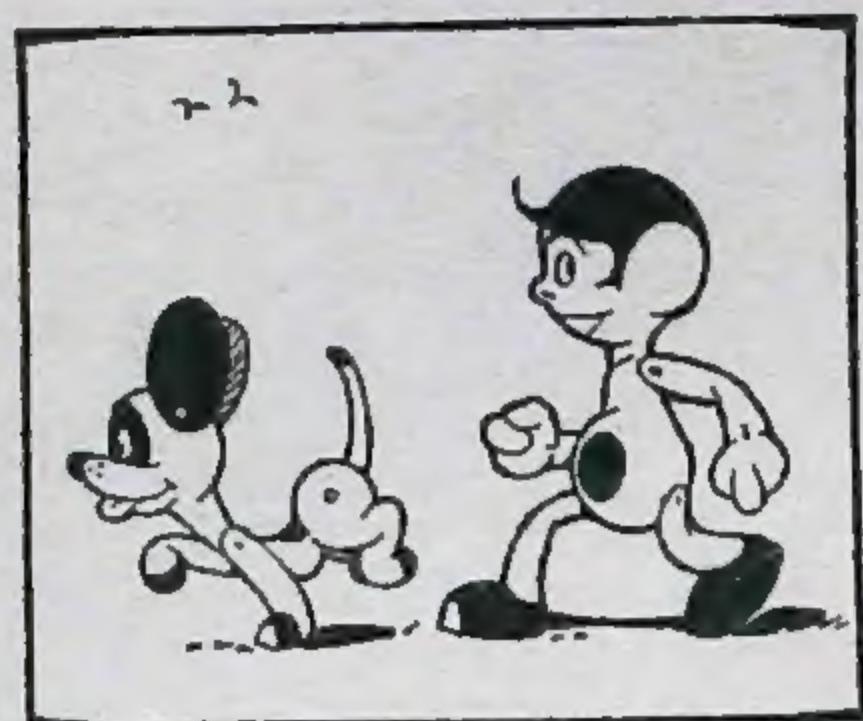


Poozy: "I must have walked two miles."
Piddy: "I didn't know what time it was."

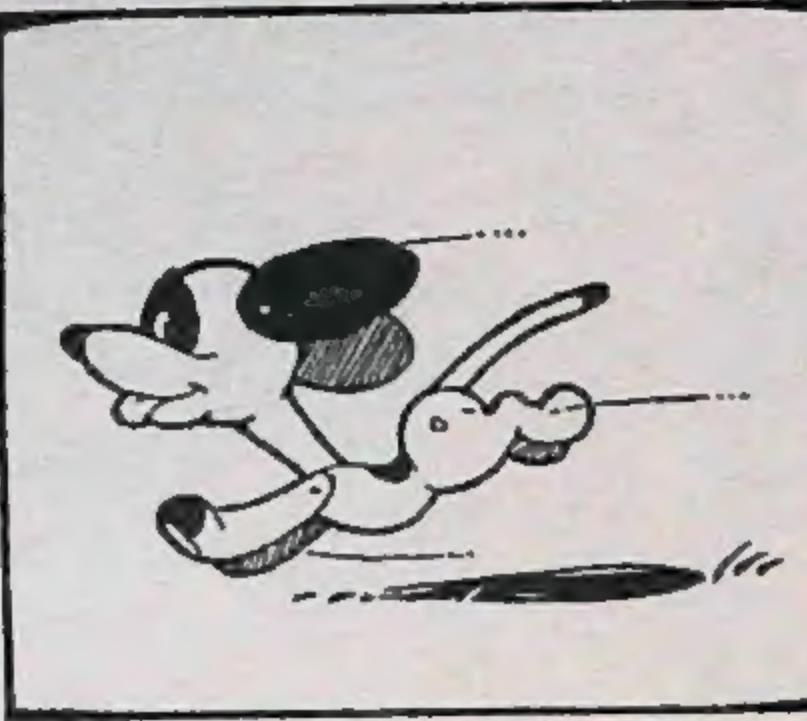
Mother: "Suppose we buy Piddy a watch."
Father: "Then you must be home on time."

THE TIMBERTOES

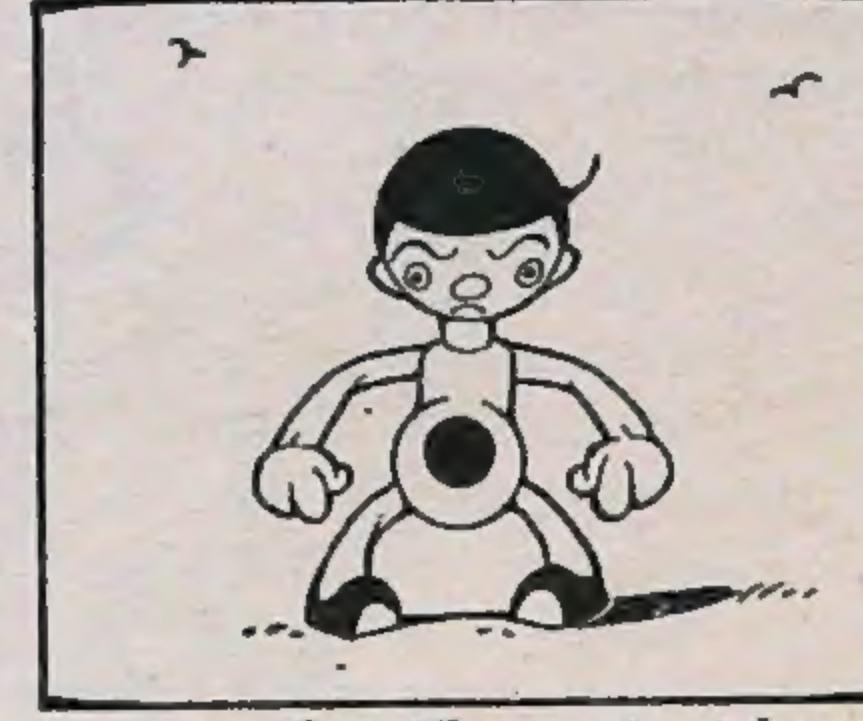
by John Gee'



Tommy took Spot for a walk.



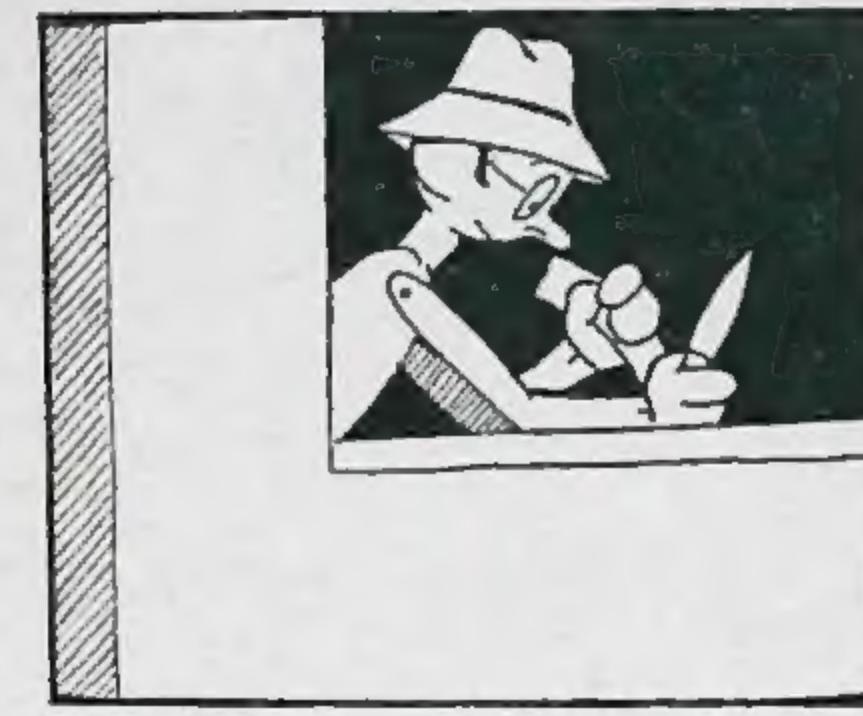
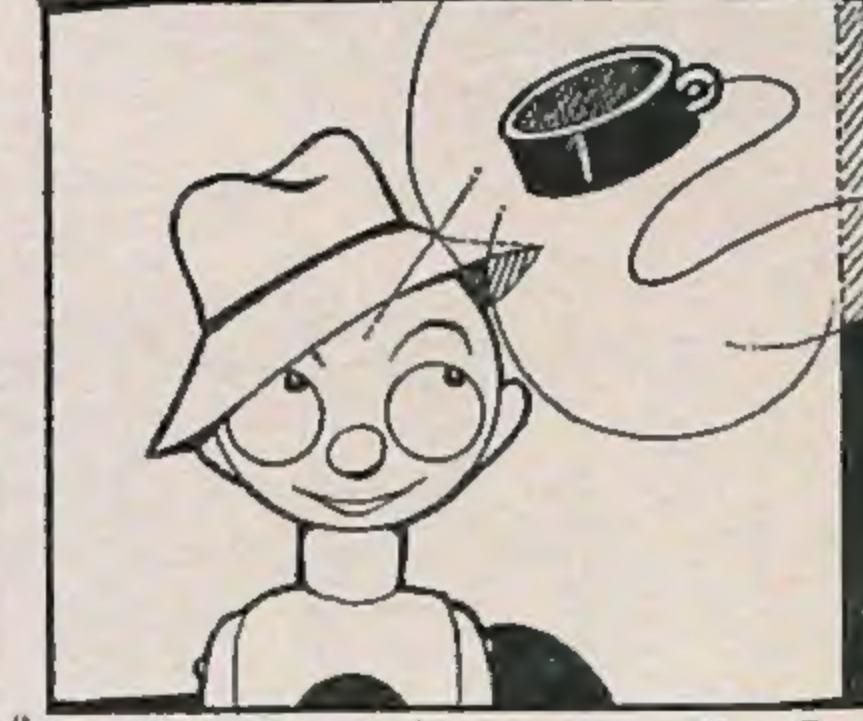
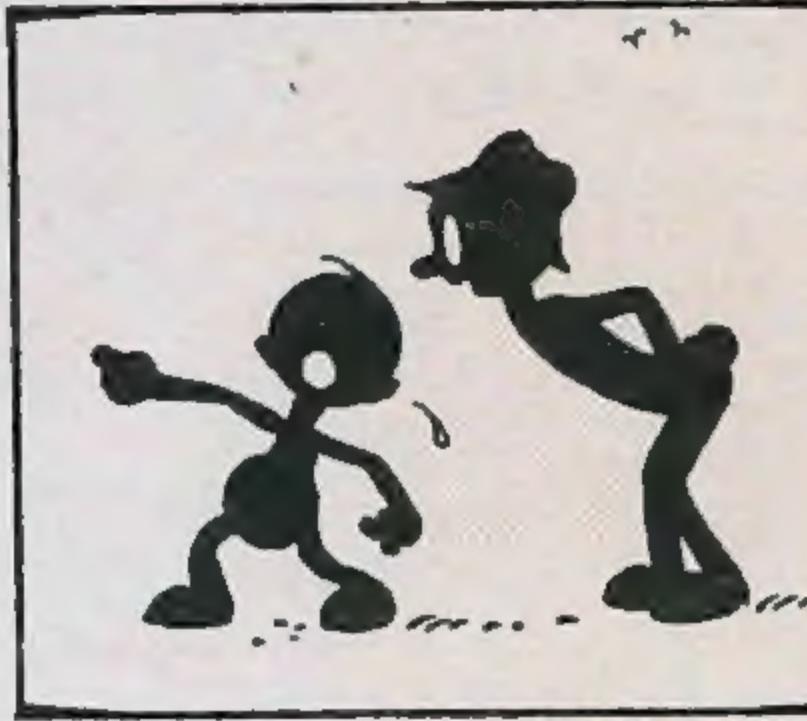
But Spot wouldn't obey Tommy.



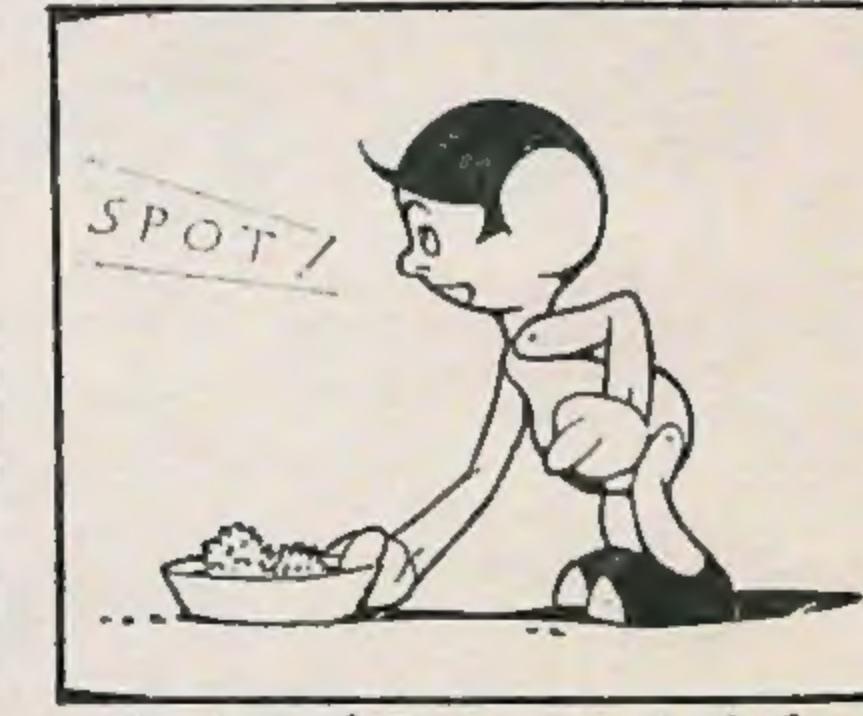
He ran so fast, Tommy lost him.



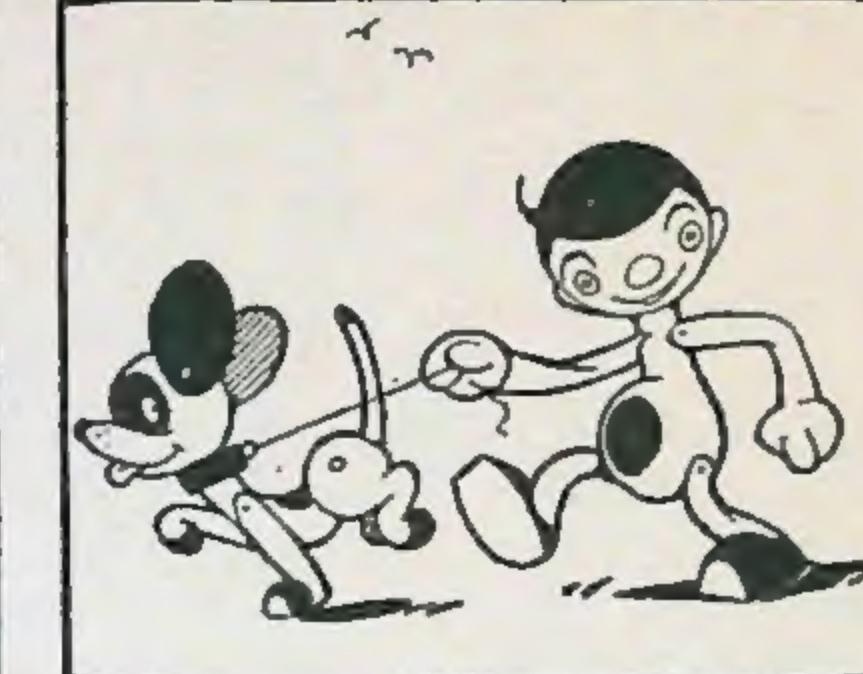
Tommy returned home, feeling sad. Father Timbertoes had an idea. "I will make a dog collar for Spot!"



Father Timbertoes went to work. Mother Timbertoes fixed some puppy food, and Tommy called Spot.

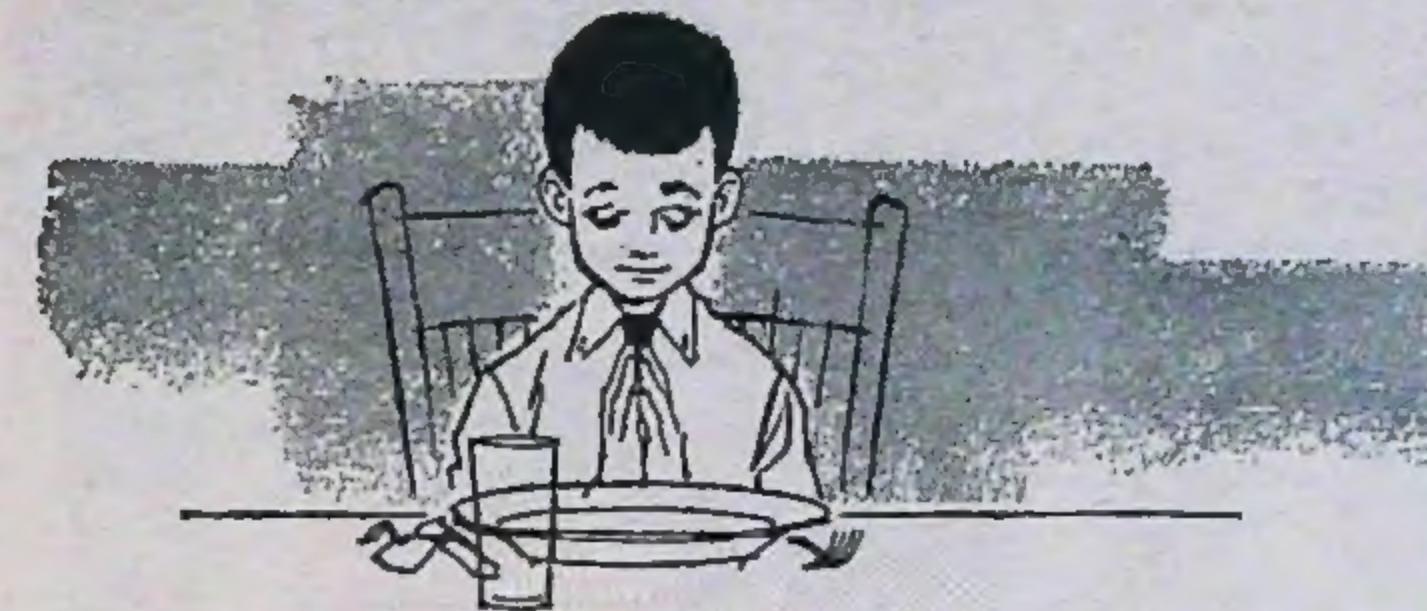


Spot came running, and began to eat. Pa fixed the collar on him. Now Spot and Tommy walk together.



Sammy Spivens

By Dorothy Waldo Phillips



Hello there:

Sometimes Sammy seems jet-propelled. "Wow!" he shouted as he made a three-point landing in my room. "It's terrific! It'll probably be in the newspapers! LATEST NEWS ON WEEDS."

Sammy and I are always trying to be wise about pulling out those tangly weeds (bad habits) so that beautiful flowers (good habits) may grow.

"Mercy me!" I exclaimed. "Don't keep me in suspense."

"Yanko, the magic weed puller," continued Sammy excitedly, "just landed his spaceship in our meadow. And guess what—he's discovered a new sort of planet!

"Because he flies all across the world to help children to yank out their weeds, he has a magic weed magnet on his ship that guides him where weeds are.

"Well, yesterday that magnet pulled and pulled until the ship shivered and shook. And finally it took him 'way into outer space—and guess what?"

"I'm speechless and guessless," I said. "Go on."

"Well, Yanko landed on this wobbly sort of planet. It's called Weedesia, and the inhabitants are the Weedians. They are chock-full of weeds. For instance, the Whimpering Weedians fuss about their food. And the Wanting Weedians envy everybody. And the Weeping Weedians bawl when they can't get their own way.

"Yanko said their houses are messy and untidy, with broken toys all over the floor and clothes that

have never seen hooks. Dirty dishes are in the sinks. And all because Weedian children never help around the house. And never once do they say 'thank you.'

"Yanko had to hurry back. But he came to remind me to be sure to thank God for things I'm grateful for when I say our Thanksgiving grace."

"Amazing!" I said. "Shall I jot down some of your thoughts on paper? It would be too bad to forget any of your blessings."

So that's what we did. Here is Sammy's Thanksgiving grace:

"Thank you, God, for our big family at this table, and for my mother and dad because they help me to be good so that I don't get to be a Weedian.

"Thanks for my teacher because she puts stuff into a fella's head so that he won't grow up to be a dope.

"I'm very grateful for my grandparents, aunts, and uncles, and my sister Susie. Also for my HIGHLIGHTS friends and my Surprise

Club friends, and Butterscotch, my dog, and Chalky, my pony, and Columbus, my secret mouse, and Yanko, my magic friend.

"Thanks, God, for spring, and for sending all those new baby animals and baby robins. Thanks for the time I got to be Abraham Lincoln in the school play, and for waffles, and for circus clowns, and for the day I made three home runs, and for Harry, our garbage-man.

"It was nice of You to send the summer, and I'm grateful for sailboats, shells in the sand, diving boards, kites, popsicles, and parades.

"Thanks for shirts-with-your-name-on-'em, and for making those little fireflies with taillights.

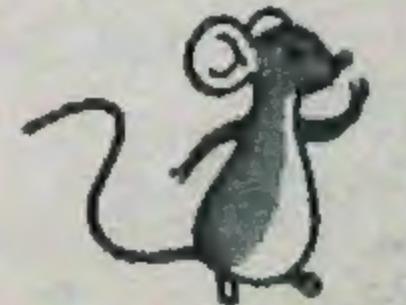
"Thank you, God, for goldfish that don't die all the time, and for hot dogs and hamburgers and my two snake friends, and for peanut-butter-'n-jelly sandwiches.

"And best of all, God, we are grateful for you. It's pretty nice of you to be around so much. Please take care of yourself. Amen."

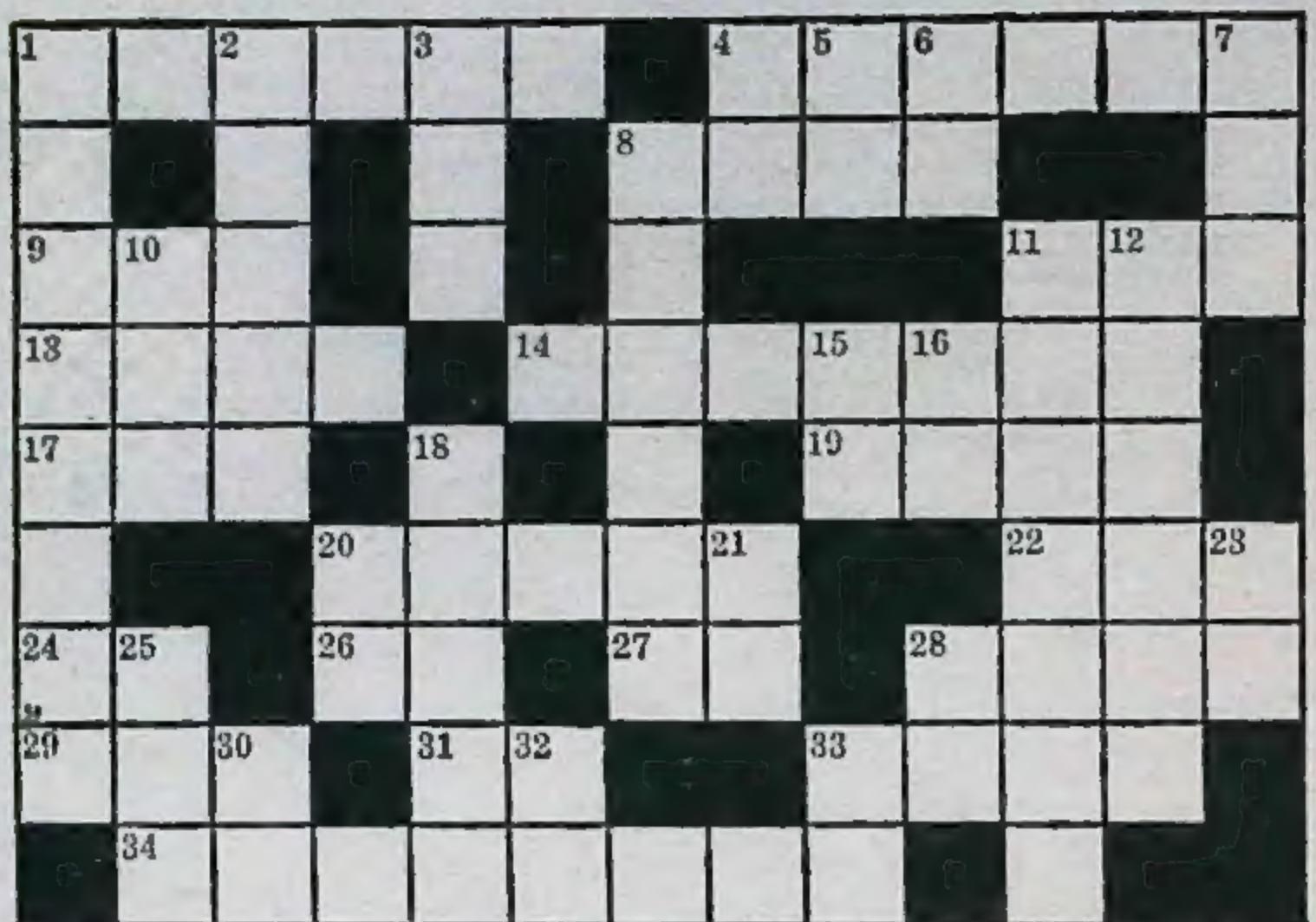
So it was that the Spivens family from near and faraway places bowed their heads at the table and with deep respect answered "Amen" as Sammy ended his Thanksgiving grace.

Aunt Dorothy

Columbus is calling his 650 children to Thanksgiving dinner.



For wee Folks



Health Quiz

Why should you tell your mother if you have an earache?

Can you do well at school when you feel sleepy?

Who needs more hours of sleep, you or your father?

Why should you not read in the evening when it is growing dusk, without turning on the light?

On very sunny days some people wear dark glasses. Why?

Telephone Conversation

Have you ever listened to one side of a telephone conversation? Read the following, then say aloud what you think Susan is saying to the librarian.

Susan:

Librarian: "Yes, Susan, we have a number of books on space travel which might help you with your assignment."

Susan:

Librarian: "If you will come to the library, I'll be glad to show you all the books we have on the subject."

Susan:

Librarian: "You are allowed to borrow any three books you wish, and you may keep them two weeks."

Thanksgiving Crossword Puzzle

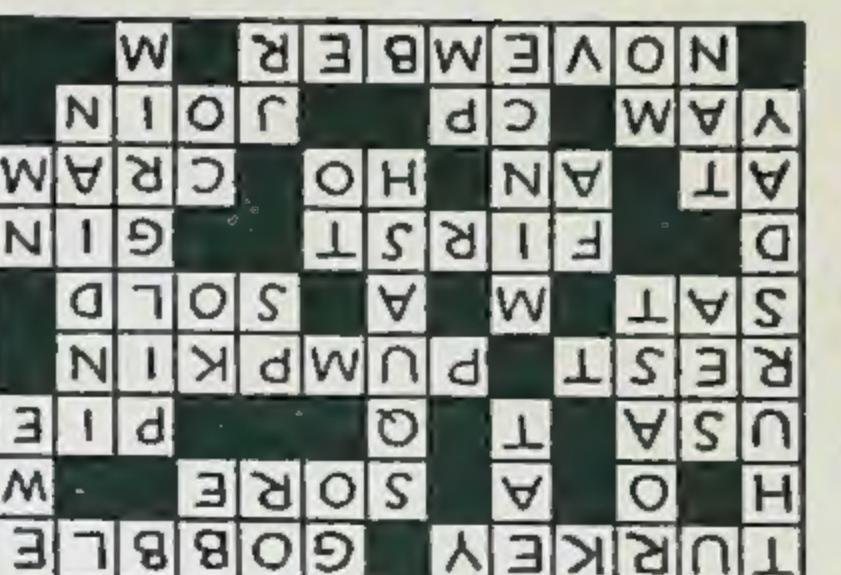
By Marjorie L. Rafal

Across

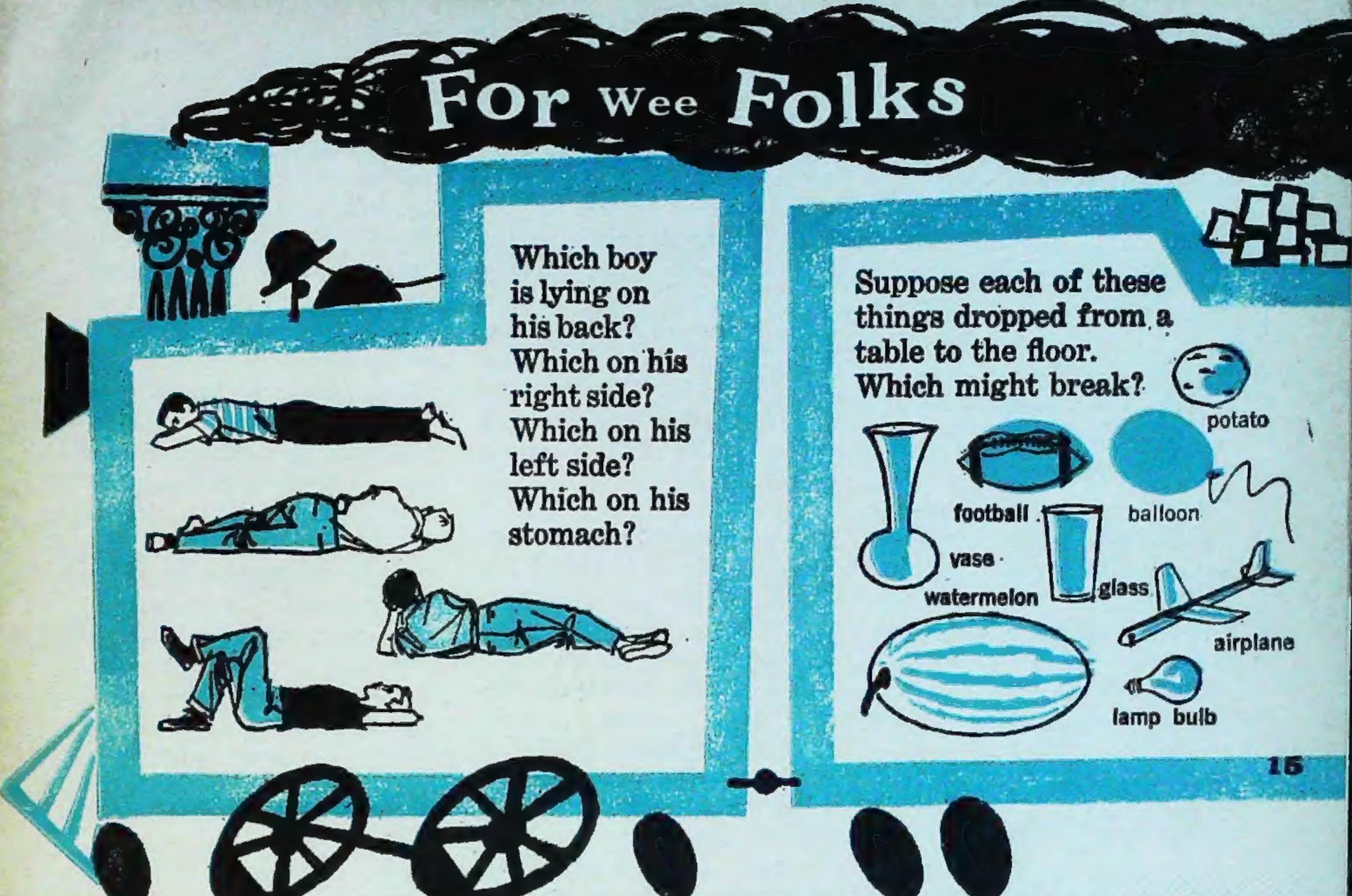
- Thanksgiving bird
- Turkey talk
- What we do to the turkey
- Leave
- Either
- Live
- Female sheep
- Thanksgiving vegetable
- The ocean
- Early observer of Thanksgiving
- Early American
- Addition to a letter or note (initials)
- Knockout (abbreviation)
- Another kind of pie
- Fourth note of music scale
- Toward
- A state (abbreviation)
- Light brown
- Company (abbreviation)
- Missouri (abbreviation)
- Opposite of last
- Machine removing seeds from cotton
- Beside
- Indefinite article
- Exclamation
- Stuff
- Thanksgiving vegetable
- Chief of police (abbreviation)
- Meet
- Thanksgiving month

Down

- Thanksgiving Day
- Cook the turkey
- What we do to the turkey
- Leave
- Either
- Live
- Female sheep
- Thanksgiving vegetable
- The ocean
- Early observer of Thanksgiving
- Early American
- Addition to a letter or note (initials)
- Knockout (abbreviation)
- Another kind of pie
- Fourth note of music scale
- Toward
- A state (abbreviation)
- Light brown
- Company (abbreviation)
- Missouri (abbreviation)
- Opposite of last
- Machine removing seeds from cotton
- Beside
- Indefinite article
- Exclamation
- Stuff
- Thanksgiving vegetable
- Chief of police (abbreviation)
- Meet
- Thanksgiving month



When you hear someone talking on the telephone, can you figure out what the other person is saying?



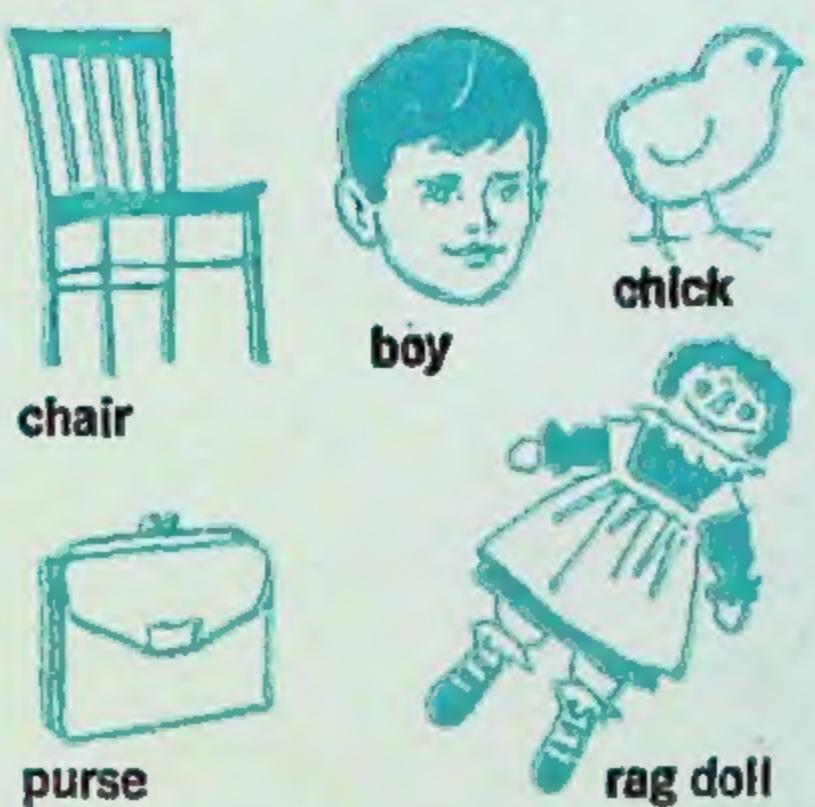
Which boy is lying on his back?
Which on his right side?
Which on his left side?
Which on his stomach?

Suppose each of these things dropped from a table to the floor.
Which might break?

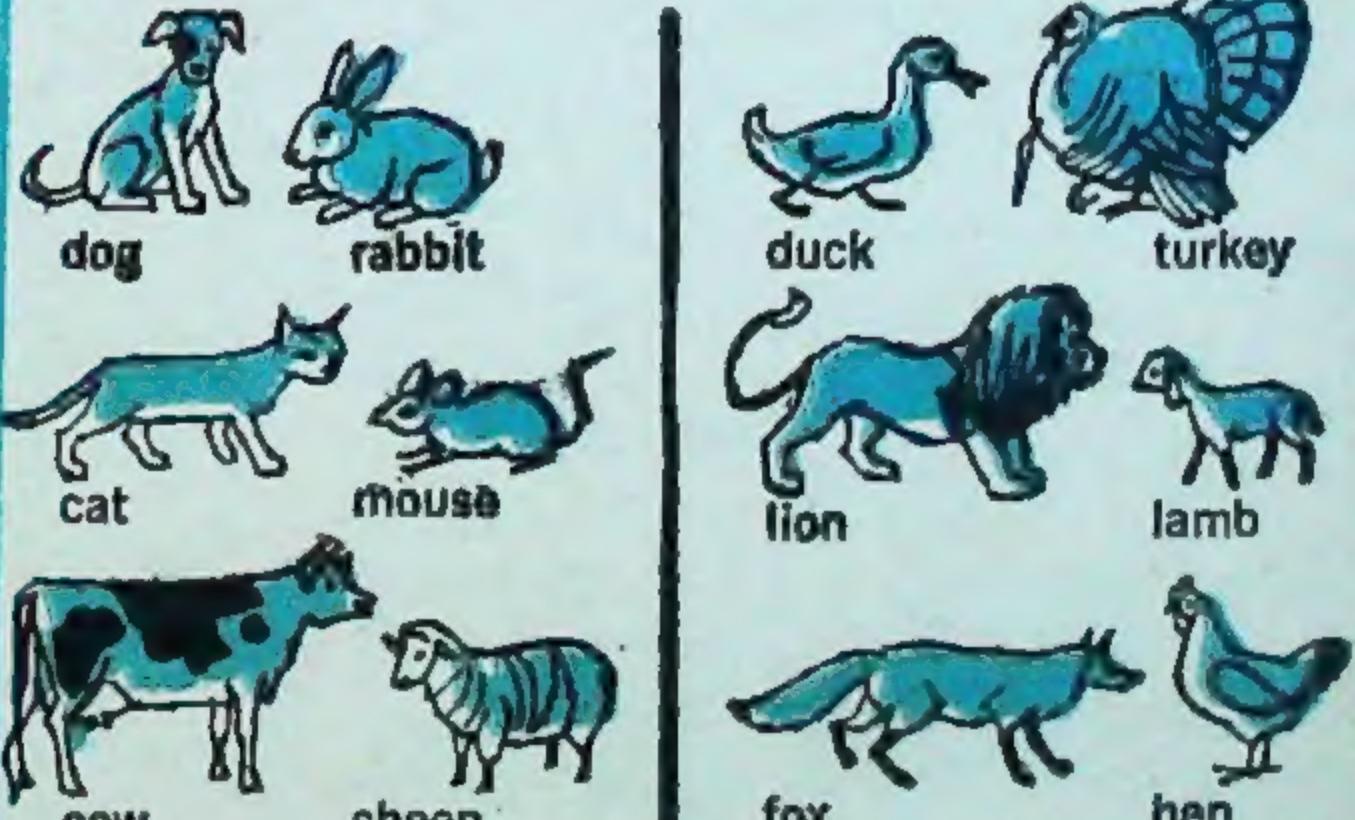


15

Which can grow bigger?



Which pairs would you not put together in a pen or cage? Why?



The Voyage of the Mayflower

By Mabelle E. Martin
Illustrated by Jerome Weisman

16

In 1608, Pilgrims began leaving England and moving to Holland so they could worship God in their own way. But by 1618 they were growing discontented. Most of them were farmers and it was difficult to make a living in the city. They longed to have lands to farm, but land was scarce and expensive in Holland. Their children were growing up to talk and act like the Dutch. The smaller children couldn't even speak English. Some of the older ones married into Dutch families. Some were refusing to go to church. Some boys had run away and joined the Dutch army and navy. Also there was danger of war between Spain and Holland. And if Spain won, there would be no freedom of any kind for the Pilgrims.

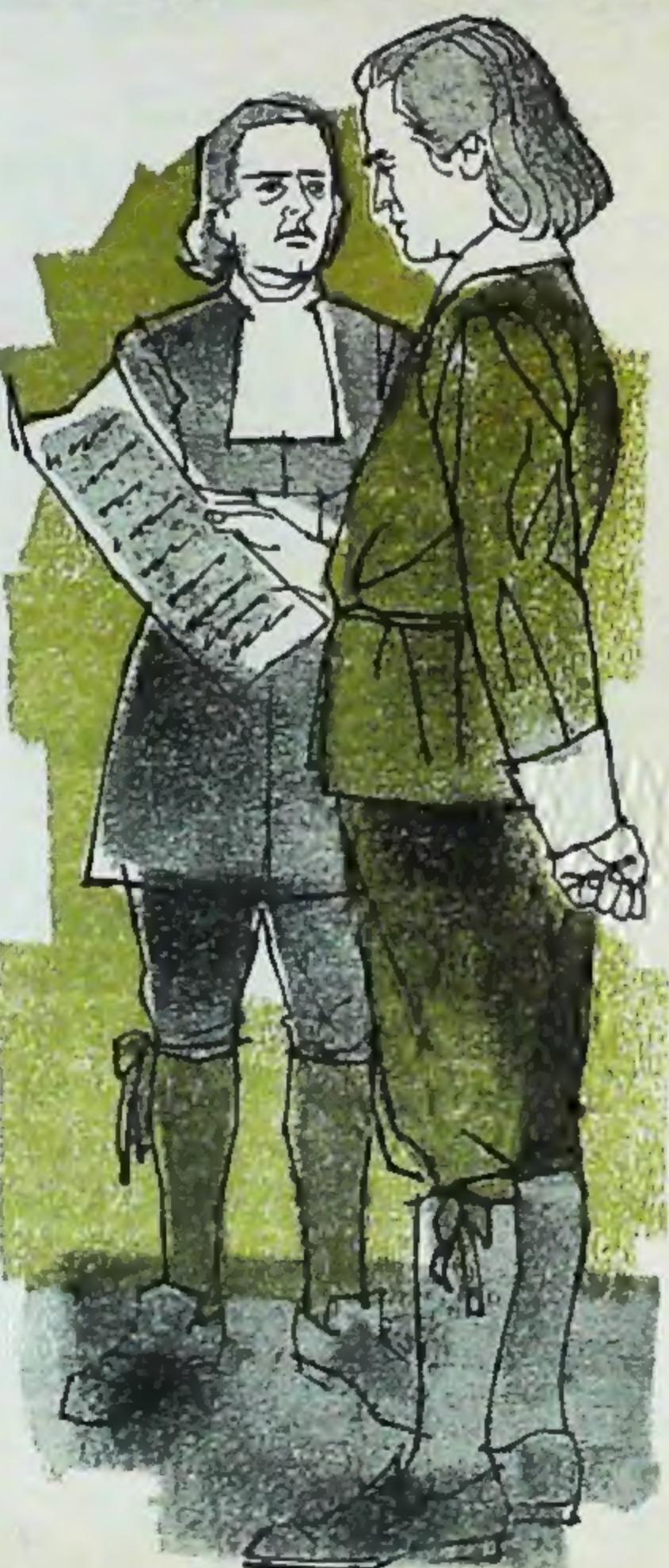
As they talked all this over, the Pilgrims decided it was time to move again. When the Dutch learned that the Pilgrims were talking of going to the New World, a Dutch company offered to let them settle near the mouth of the Hudson River. But just then a Mr. Weston showed up, representing a London company which would furnish the money for passage to Virginia if the Pilgrims would earn their shares by working four days a week for the company. They would be equal partners for seven years, then divide according to the shares. The Pil-

grims agreed, and began to make ready.

But when Weston sent the contract for them to sign, it was not according to the agreement. They would have to work for the company six days a week instead of four, and everything they owned would be divided at the end of the seven years. The leaders refused to sign. Many of the volunteers backed out.

But others had already sold all their possessions and put the money into a common fund. They had bought their own ship, the "Speedwell," to use in America for fishing and trading, and had stocked it with large supplies of food and tools. The ship needed a lot of repairs but was soon ready to carry them to England to join the "Mayflower."

Many men left their wives, daughters, and small children behind. Others took their wives and



left their children. As the "Speedwell" sailed out of the harbor, the fifty passengers on board stood at the rails with tears rolling down their cheeks. Of those fifty, almost half were under eighteen years old.

The "Mayflower" was waiting for them in England with some seventy passengers aboard, few of them Pilgrims. When the Pilgrims in Holland had refused to sign Weston's contract, he had advertised in England for more colonists. Most of them were paying their own way and that, plus their labor, gave each of them two shares of stock. A few were hired laborers under contract to stay one year. Weston did not care about their religion. He wanted good laborers.

Then the "Speedwell" began to leak so badly that she finally had to be left behind. The "Mayflower" could not carry all, so more Pilgrims volunteered to remain in England.

At last, on September 16, 1620, the "Mayflower" left Plymouth, England, with one hundred two passengers, officers, and crew. Only forty-one of the passengers were Pilgrims from Holland—seventeen men, ten women, and fourteen children. Among the passengers from England, the largest group were indentured servants who had to work seven years just to pay for their passage.

The "Mayflower" was an unusually good ship for those days, about three hundred fifty years ago. She was larger than most, but not intended to carry such a load. There were a few cabins for officers and a few bunks for sailors. The passengers had to sleep wherever they could sling a hammock or put down a pallet.

Most of the time they ate hard bread, dried meat or fish, and cheese. They had very few vegeta-

bles and no milk. Potatoes were not known to them. Neither were coffee, tea, and cocoa. The food was doled out and there was never enough to satisfy. Many carried some luxuries of their own, such as sugar, raisins, and lemons to prevent scurvy. They all drank beer instead of water, and this was rationed, too. Most of the time they ate cold food because it was dangerous to have an open fire.

There was no running water, no toilets, no heat, and few facilities for keeping clean. The people wore the same clothes night and day, and probably few of them changed clothes for the entire sixty-seven days.

After a week at sea, the weather grew bad. All were ordered below deck and the hatches were closed. The air became so foul one could hardly breathe. Almost everybody became seasick.

During a bad storm, one of the main beams midship cracked. The ship might break in two. The women and children cried. The sailors swore. The Pilgrims got the great jack out of the hold. They had brought it from Holland for use in the New World. With it the beam was forced back into place, but the sailors said the boat was not safe and wanted to turn back. The Captain said she was safe. They were halfway across the ocean. The passengers voted to go on.

After nine weeks on the wild Atlantic, everybody was asking, "How much longer?" And at dawn on November 10th, the sailor high up in the lookout shouted, "Land ho! Land ho!" What excitement there was! Even the children woke up and crowded to the rails of the ship. The white breakers along the shore of Cape Cod were barely visible.

But the Pilgrims insisted that



the Captain take them on to Virginia, so he turned the boat south. By night they were in the most dangerous waters. After spending the night on the open sea, they decided to make their colony on Cape Cod.

Next morning they anchored inside the bay. The Pilgrims fell upon their knees and thanked God for their safe delivery to "firm and stable earth."

But that was not yet to be—because some were saying that when they got on land they would do as they pleased. No one could boss them. This was true. Their Virginia charter was no good on Cape Cod. And without a charter, there was no provision for government. The leaders drew up the famous Mayflower Compact. It said they would elect their officers and make their own laws; and all promised to obey.

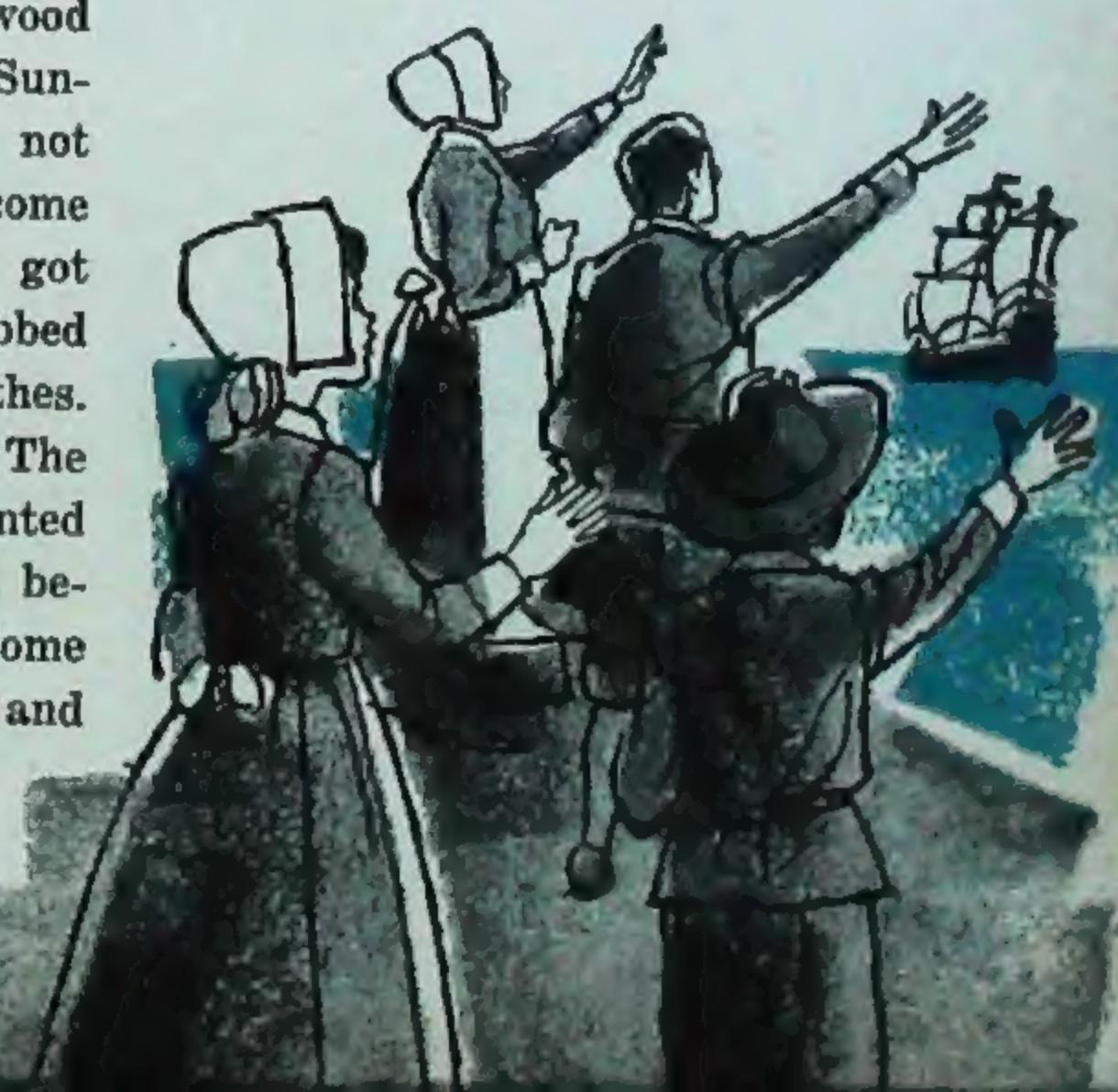
After this, a few men went ashore to look around and get wood and water. The next day was Sunday and the Pilgrims would not allow anyone ashore. But, come Monday morning, everybody got off that boat. The women scrubbed and beat huge piles of dirty clothes. The children romped and ran. The men did various jobs. Some hunted shellfish and they had a feast before returning to the ship. Some of the fish were the wrong kind and

made a lot of the people very sick.

It took over a month to find a suitable place to build Plymouth. Christmas Day they all went to work building houses. Sickness had already overtaken them, and before spring half of them were dead. They used the "Mayflower" as a home and hospital while they were building. By April there were houses enough for the fifty-one people still alive.

It was now time for the "Mayflower" to return to England. The Captain offered free passage back home to any who wanted to go. But none went, even though they knew they would now be absolutely cut off from the rest of the world.

It may truly be said that the "Mayflower" brought to our shores a little band of people who, because of their courage and determination, paved the way for a great nation to grow.



Thanksgiving for a Turkey

"Ah, what a glorious life a turkey can lead," thought Timothy Turkey as he crunched contentedly on his corn. This was the life—nothing to do but eat, eat, eat, and eat. Presently the farmer appeared. "Mmm," he said, "there goes our Thanksgiving dinner." Timothy was bewildered. He looked all around him but he could not see any Thanksgiving dinner anywhere. Suddenly a horrible thought struck him. What if the farmer

meant HE was the Thanksgiving dinner!

"Oh, no, not me! I'm no Thanksgiving dinner!" squawked Timothy as he sprinted off.

Finally he decided he was safe. He stopped to rest beside a dirt road. Soon a warmly dressed farmer's boy passed that way. "Oh boy," he said, "there goes Thanksgiving dinner!" "Oh, no, not me!" gobbled Timothy. He practically flew along the old dirt road. "I'm no Thanksgiving dinner." After he felt quite safe, he stopped to rest.

Soon along came a rather old hired hand. "Oh boy," he said, "there goes Thanksgiving." Timothy didn't wait to hear the rest.

He scooted through the woods and came out in a clearing where a little girl was picking flowers. "Oh, you poor tired old turkey," she said gently, "you must be hungry." What was this? She did not say, "Oh boy, there goes Thanksgiving dinner." Timothy didn't know whether or not to trust her, but he simply couldn't run any more.

On Thanksgiving day, Timothy had the finest meal a turkey could ever have.

"Ah," he sighed as he munched his corn, "what a wonderful life a turkey can lead. Nothing to do but eat."

Amy DeLap, Age 10
Parkdale School
Midland, Mich

18

Jokes

Selected by Children
Seven to Twelve
Years of Age

Daughter: "What time is it?"
Father: "The same time it was

yesterday, only twenty-four hours later."

Barbara Suter—Ohio

There was a man named Bill who worked for an oil company out in the field. He came in to the main camp one week end and his boss told him the company wanted

him to go to school at night to improve his knowledge of the job. Bill said, "I don't believe I want to do that. I already know more now than I can remember."

Deborah Pickens—Texas

Timmy: "What are those holes in that board?"

Now, What Do You Do?

You are in the library reading a book when suddenly you are kidnapped by Bad News Bill. "You got me," he says, "and I'm taking you to my nest, pronto!" What do you do?

What do you do?

By Sesyle Joslin Pictures by Maurice Sendak

Carpenter: "Those are knotholes."
Timmy: "Well, if they're not holes, what are they?"

Barbara J. Porczak—Ohio

"Why did Jack leave his job?"

"Illness."

"Anything serious?"

"Yes, the boss got sick of him."

Marsha Millstead—Nebraska

Boy: "There are ten of us boys in our family, and we each have a sister."

Girl: "My, what a large family!"

Boy: "Oh, no. We only have eleven."

Jan Klein—Washington

Sarah: "The last time I sang, my voice fell on a thousand ears."

Dora: "Where were you singing?"

Sarah: "In a cornfield."

Jill Whitney—Washington

Teacher: "How would you punctuate this sentence—I saw a five dollar bill on the street?"

Jimmy: "I'd make a dash after it."

Linda Vernon—California

Linda: "Did you know I don't have all my toes on one foot?"

Debby: "No. How did it happen?"

Linda: "I have five on one foot and five on the other."

Dibby Bartels—California

Joe: "Did you ever see an electric saw?"

Bill: "Electric saw what?"

Joe: "Electric saw wood."

Bill: "Oh, that's what they saw."

Marsha Reinhardt—New York

4. What does Peter Gunn call his father?

Holly Ann Scanlon—Missouri

5. Why does the rabbit have a shiny nose?

Jeannine Carlisle—Mississippi

6. Why does the Statue of Liberty stand in the harbor?

Ronald Connor—Oklahoma

7. What would happen if you threw a white rock in the Red Sea?

Nancy Rice—Ohio

8. Did you hear about the fight in the candy store?

Diane Dudley—Maryland

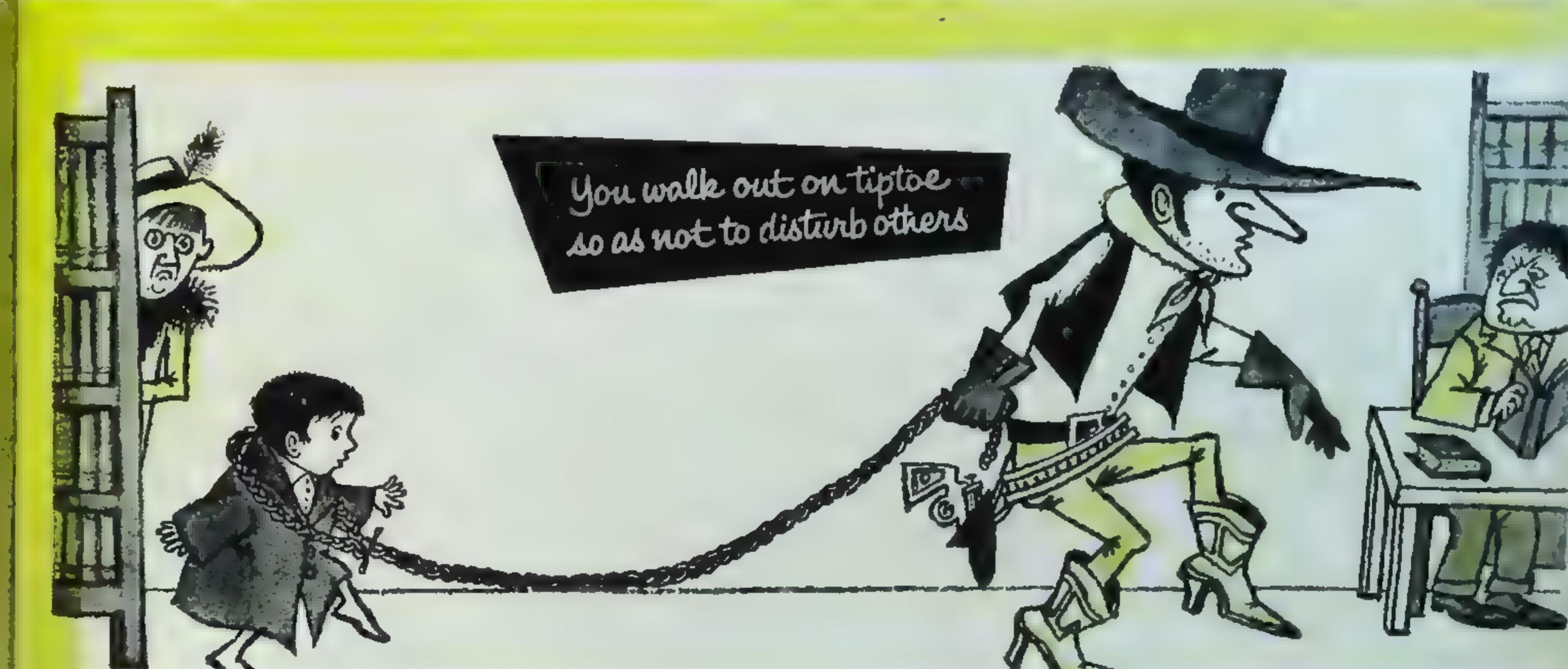
9. What did one eye say to the other?

Stephen Forlmann—California

10. Why did the little boy put garbage in his shoes?

Mary Ellen Fox—Pennsylvania

Answers:



Wise Sayings

It is never too late to learn.

Be slow to make a promise but swift to keep it.

If you don't aim high, you will never hit high.

The only way to have a friend is to be one.

A good beginning is half the work.

Character is what we are; reputation is what people think we are.

Tongue Twisters

Repeat rapidly three times.

The old, cold scold sold a school coal scuttle.

Stack n sack of thick, sticky sickles,

Vera bastes vests and waists.

Dinah Shore sure should sing swing songs sweetly.

The sun shines on the shop signs.

Six sick soldiers sighted seven slowly sinking ships.



Nonsense

A greedy fellow named Jake

Once ate a whole chocolate cake.

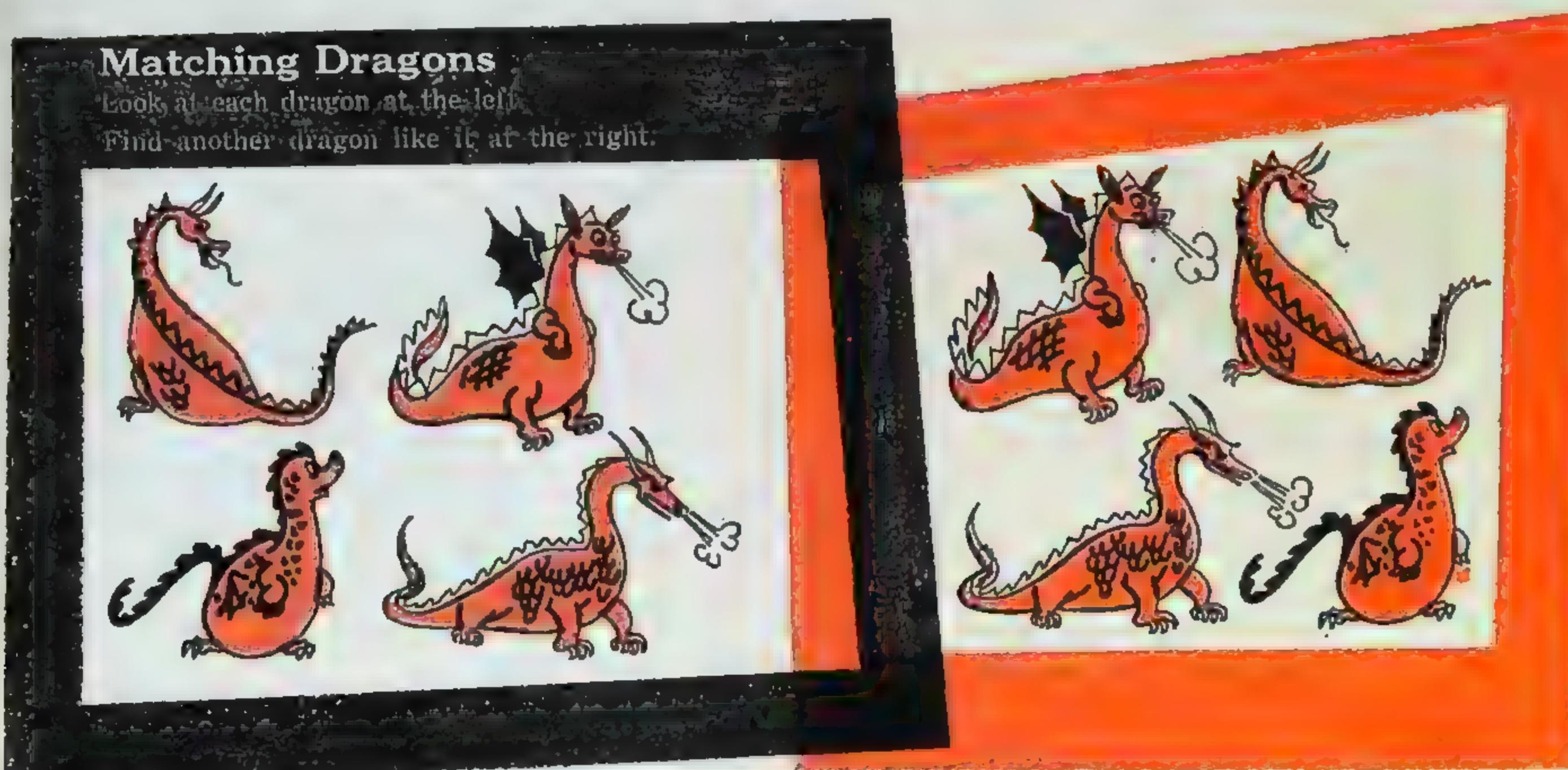
"My goodness," he bawled,

When the doctor was called,

"I fear I have made a mistake."

Matching Dragons

Look at each dragon at the left.
Find another dragon like it at the right.



Why Are the Following Not True?

The longer it takes you to learn something, the longer you can remember it.

The heaviest person is always the strongest person.

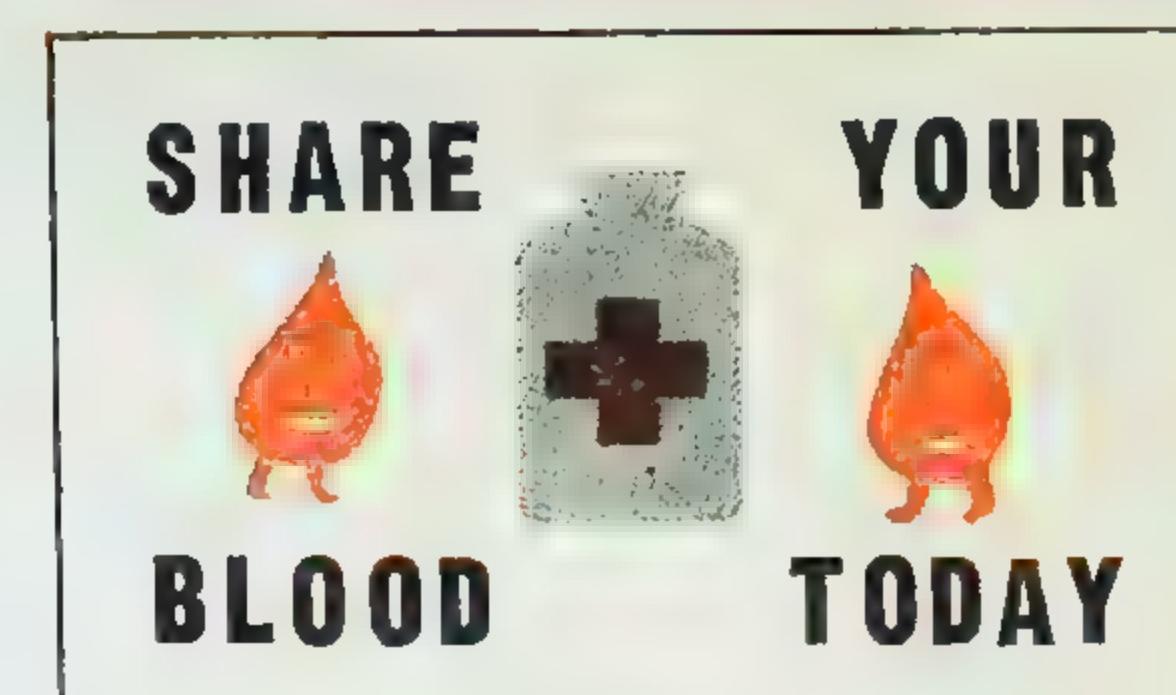
If you ate enough food in the morning, you would not get hungry or need any more food till the next morning.

The mother of a boy five years old should buy a dozen pairs of shoes at one time for him, and thus save money.

The longer you live, the taller you grow.

All children who arrive late at school should always be punished for their tardiness.

If one teaspoonful of cod liver oil is good for you, five teaspoonfuls would be five times as good for you.



A prize-winning poster in the contest among school children of Northeastern Pennsylvania, sponsored by the Red Cross Blood Center. November is Junior Red Cross Month.

Manfred and the Moldy Cheese

A Puzzle To See How Well You Can Visualize

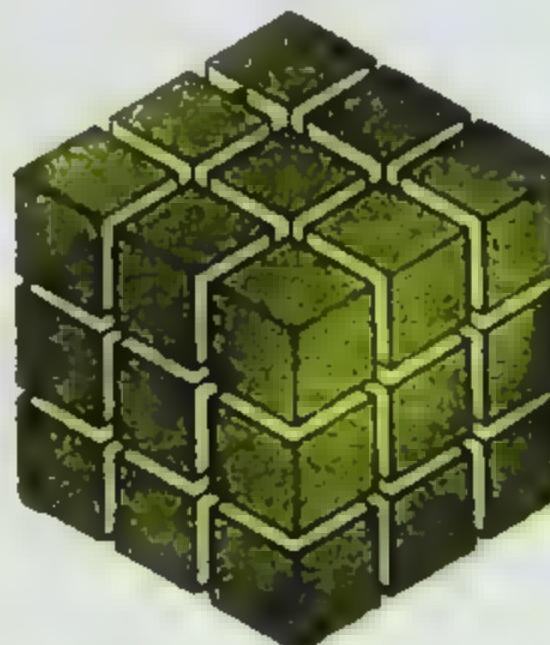
Manfred's mother gave him a cube of moldy cheese—it had mold all over it. He cut the cube into 27 little cubes, as shown.

How many of Manfred's little cubes of cheese had no mold?

How many had just one moldy side?

How many had two moldy sides?

How many had three moldy sides?



Mind-reading Stunt

By Maude E. Hallmer

Here is a little trick you can play on your friends, and they will really think you are a mind reader.

First, tell your friend to start counting and look into your eyes. He is to count slowly. While doing this, you will interrupt him three times. Each time he is to answer you without pausing to think. Then he is to go on counting, beginning where he left off. Here are the three things you tell him to do.

1. Name a color.
 2. Name a flower.
 3. Name a piece of furniture.
- After the last request, hand him a piece of paper on which you have already written the words RED, ROSE, and CHAIR.
4. I'm something that every person has seen but will never see again.
 5. I'm something no one has ever seen but many have heard. And I won't speak unless I'm spoken to.

You will almost always be correct. You may miss one, but you will rarely miss all three.

Answers:

1. Breath. 2. Postman. 3. Bed. 4. Yesterday.

About a Bully

Which of these might be true about a bully?

He is afraid of a lot of things.

He is a good player in all games.

He is always a good reader.

He is afraid of many children of his own age.

He can make a lot of things well and do a lot of things well.

He is usually bigger than the children he bullies.

He has many friends.

Try This!

See Through Your Hand!

Roll a sheet of writing paper into a tube. Hold the tube up to your right eye with your right hand and look through it. Then hold your left hand against the tube as shown. Keep both eyes open. Look through the tube at something far away. See! You're looking right through a hole in your hand!

How It Works

When your brain receives messages from your eyes, it must combine the two pictures which your two eyes see, into one picture. If it didn't, you would see two of everything which would be very confusing, and make counting twice as hard. To help you out, your brain overlaps the pictures before it shows them to you.

When you look through the tube with one eye and at your hand with the other, your brain puts the two pictures together so you appear to be looking through your hand.



Thanksgiving Is for Everyone

By George W. Baldwin
Illustrated by Jerome Weidman

The morning air was cold and Wally Dixon's ears were tingling as he rode his bicycle toward his grandfather's farm. He had been visiting a friend, and as he pedaled along the highway a battered black sedan passed him. The top of the car was piled high with suitcases, bags, and boxes. The ramshackle car chugged slowly up the highway toward his grandfather's farm.

Wally wasted no time in pedaling his bicycle homeward. He was visiting his grandparents for a week's holiday and today was the big day of his vacation—Thanksgiving Day. He could almost taste the golden-brown turkey, the fluffy mashed potatoes smothered with gravy, the cranberry sauce, the pumpkin pie, and the almost endless variety of delicious food which is available to those who are lucky enough to spend Thanksgiving Day on a farm.

As the boy neared the farm he spied the black sedan which had passed him on the highway. It stood off the road just past the farm gate. The hood was up and the man was peering intently at the motor, a perplexed look on his dark face. Two children were jumping up and down nearby, trying to warm themselves in the chilly air.

Wally spoke to them, and they answered him in a language he could not understand.

The man told Wally, in broken English, that the car wouldn't run. The mother was sitting in the front seat of the car, feeding a baby from a jar. Wally would have liked to help, but his grandmother had told him not to be late for dinner. He thought how awful it would be to spend Thanksgiving Day by the side of the highway, far from home and friends.

As Wally went into the kitchen, the thought of the grand feast he was about to have suddenly lost its appeal. He kept glancing through the window at the battered car. He turned toward his grandmother, busy with the preparation of dinner.

"Grandma," he asked, "did you see that old car broken down near the gate?"

"No, Wally, I didn't," she answered, "but your grandfather told me that there are some foreigners, probably migrant workers, outside

the fence. You go talk with him while I finish dinner."

But Grandpa Dixon was enjoying himself in the living room, smoking his pipe and reading, so Wally continued out onto the porch, and stood on the steps, looking toward the highway. He could see the children swinging their arms to keep warm.

Finally Grandpa Dixon came out onto the porch. "Don't look so gloomy, Wally," he said. "This is Thanksgiving Day."

"Thanksgiving?" Wally asked. "Just what is Thanksgiving, Grandpa?"

"Well, Wally," he answered, "that first fall after the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock, they were so grateful to God for bless-



The kind of story you can't hear or read without feeling richer inside.

ing them with an abundant harvest that they set aside a special day to thank him for his goodness. They prepared a great feast, with wild turkey and everything. So that is how Thanksgiving Day . . ."

"But the Indians, Grandpa?" interrupted Wally. "What about the Indians?"

"The Indians . . . of course," his grandfather answered. "Well, the Pilgrims realized that they could best show their gratitude by sharing their feast with others, regardless of race, color, or creed, so they invited the Indians."

Wally's grandfather suddenly stopped speaking, and the boy saw a strange expression in his eyes.

"Sometimes we mortals forget, Wally," Grandpa Dixon said softly. "We take our many blessings for granted and forget that God expects us to give more than spoken thanks for his goodness."

He patted Wally gently on the head and went into the house. In a few moments he came out again and went down the porch steps.

"Wally," he said, "you go into the house. Your grandmother wants you."

Wally entered the kitchen and asked his grandmother what she wanted him to do, but she just smiled at him and said, "You have already done a great deal for us, Wally. Now, please go and get cleaned up for dinner."

Wally went to wash up and change his clothes. He took an unusually long time. The people in the old car were still on his mind. He could not forget that they were outside, cold and prob-



ably hungry, while he was preparing for a feast inside a warm house.

In time, however, the boy was ready and went down into the kitchen. His eyes popped in wonder at the remarkable transformation which had taken place. The table had been extended, and places were set for seven people. There was a strange woman helping his smiling grandmother—the woman who had been in the black sedan!

The two children were there, too. They sat quietly, in open-eyed wonder, but they were quick to greet him with grins of recognition. An old wooden cradle was on one side of the kitchen, the same cradle which had been his father's resting place as a baby. Now the cra-

ble was occupied by another sleeping baby, the one from the car. The man was in the living room, talking with Wally's grandfather.

"I'm glad that you're interested in a steady job on the farm," Grandpa Dixon was saying. "We have a nice tenant house and I'm sure that your wife and children will like it here."

Suddenly Wally's appetite returned to him. The golden-brown turkey, the fluffy mashed potatoes, the gravy, the cranberry sauce, and the pumpkin pie seemed to have regained their rightful place in a hungry boy's life.

"Golly," Wally said, so all could hear, "this is a swell Thanksgiving Day!"

"Someday I'm going to study agriculture, and have a big farm and earn a lot of money."

"I'd like to study agriculture, too, only I want to go to India or Africa as a missionary."

"You couldn't get rich at that. Anyway, you wouldn't study farming to be a missionary."

"Why not? People must have food. I'd help them to grow more food so their children would have enough to eat. If they did, that would be good pay for me. I'd get rich inside from helping them."



Fun With Phonics

cl and cr



Say aloud the pictured words. Name the two words which begin with the sound of **cl**. The two words which begin with the sound of **cr**.

Now say aloud the words below. Then name the words which begin with the sound of **cl**. The words which begin with the sound of **cr**.

crack	clean
cluck	climb
crow	cricket
clock	class
creek	crop

**Spelled the Same,
Pronounced Differently,
Have Different Meaning**

Let me present my older sister. I have received a beautiful birthday present.

She proceeds with the business. The proceeds from the concert will go to the orphanage.

He got a refund on his taxes. The store will refund the money for the soiled coat.

Stick to the subject.

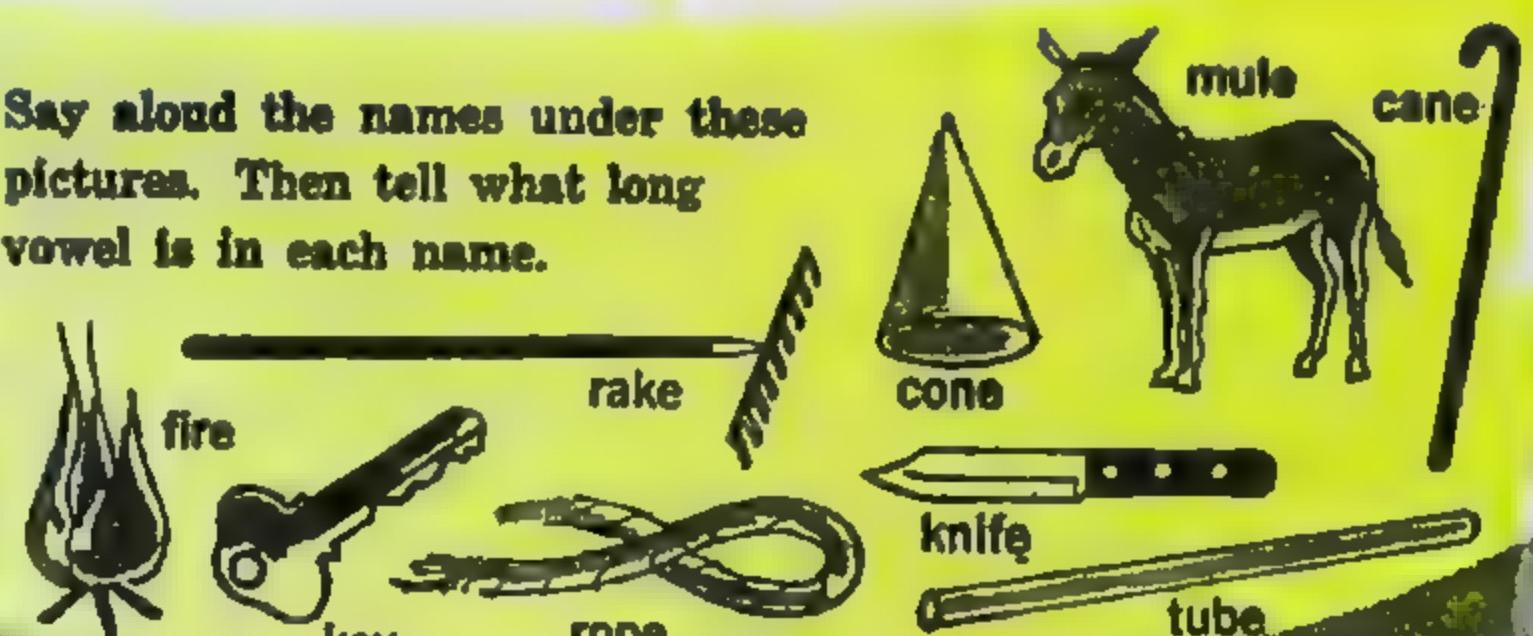
Don't subject yourself to bad company.

The wind blew my hat away. It's time to wind the clock.

In each column, which word does not rhyme with the other two?

root	nose	now	storm
boot	lose	low	worm
foot	hose	show	form

Say aloud the names under these pictures. Then tell what long vowel is in each name.



Moses Goes to Pharaoh

Bible Story

God always keeps his promises. He told Moses that he would be given strength to do his work. That is why, when Moses started out on his journey back to Egypt, he felt strong and happy. He had heard God's voice and he was obeying it. He was going to rescue his suffering people.

Moses now had two little sons. He was not yet ready to take them all the way to Egypt, but they rode on a donkey with their mother for part of the way. Later they went back to Jethro until Moses sent for them.

As they traveled through the wilderness, they came to Horeb, "the mountain of God," where Moses had heard God's voice. He left his family for a little while and went into the quiet to say his prayers.

As he turned to go back to his wife and children, he saw a man standing beside him. There were so few people in that part of the world that of course Moses was very surprised, and he said, "Stranger, who are you?"

"I am Aaron," said the man. "God told me to come into the wilderness to look for my brother Moses. He was brought up in Pharaoh's palace. But he left Egypt long ago. I suppose you have never heard of him."

"I am he!" said Moses.

They chatted excitedly and then went back to see Moses' wife and children. As they traveled toward

Egypt, they made their plans. They would stand together and help each other just as God had told them to do.

When our travelers reached Egypt they visited their people and found everything as they had expected. The Egyptian foremen or taskmasters treated the people of God very cruelly, and made them work under the burning sun longer than was good for them. The new Pharaoh was even more harsh than the one Moses had known.

Aaron said sadly, "I don't think we can do anything about it."

Now Moses was full of the spirit and strength of the Lord God, and he knew that God stood beside them. As Aaron began to understand that they were commanded to do God's work, he too became very brave and hopeful. The way would be hard and they would often be discouraged. But with God as their helper they could not fail.

First of all, the two brothers visited the older and wiser men. At first these men said as Aaron did, "The Egyptians are too strong.



By Dora P. Chaplin

"Nothing can be done." But Aaron, you will remember, was good at persuading people. He told them Moses' adventures and how he had been chosen by the Lord God. Presently all the Israelites believed that these were God's messengers. They prayed and waited.

Moses and Aaron, together with the older men, made a plan. They would go to Pharaoh and ask him to let their people leave Egypt for a few days to worship the Lord God in the wilderness. As you may expect, they did not plan to come back.

When the brothers reached the palace, they were taken into the great hall where Pharaoh sat on his throne, and they made their request. Pharaoh laughed. He said, "I know all the gods there are, and I have never heard of the Lord God. I don't believe he exists. I will not let your people go. You are just trying to run away. Wait and see. I am going to make your people work harder than ever, just to teach them a lesson."

Moses and Aaron left the palace with very heavy hearts. They thought that things would be easier than this. They had a lot to learn.

A Grace

By Agnes M. Worman

Dear God, we all are thankful For our food this day. We will try our best to serve thee In our humble way.



Denny the lonesome dragon

By Shirley Allen

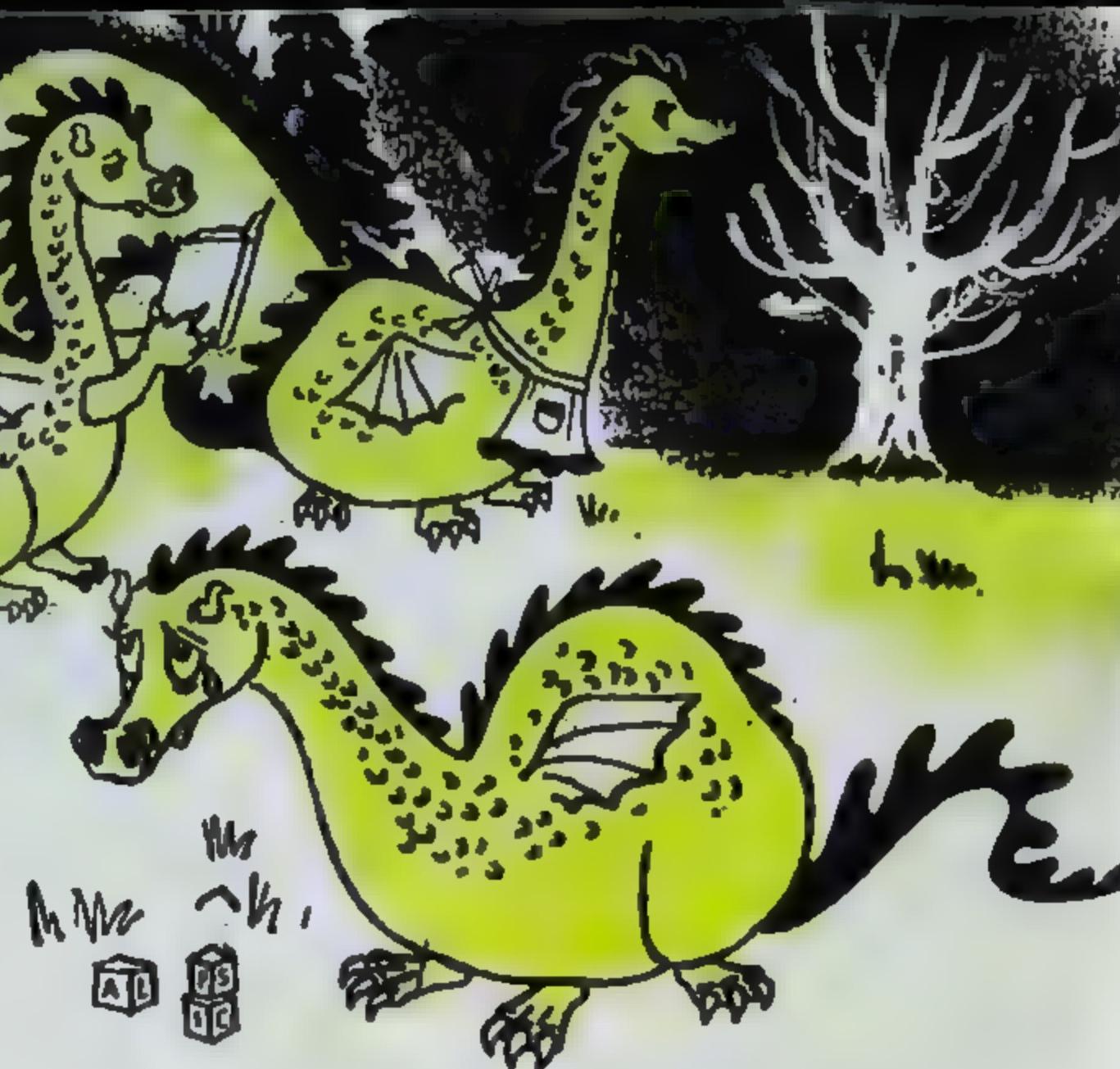
In a faraway country there was a big, dark, deep forest. In the very middle of the forest there was a large, comfortable cave. In that cave lived the nicest family of dragons one could imagine.

There was big Papa Dragon who breathed long streams of fire like a jet airplane, and who could fly very fast and far. Mama Dragon was small and plump. She didn't fly much because she liked to stay home and keep the cave clean. Last of all, there was Denny. He was only a little dragon. And because he was so young, he couldn't fly or breathe fire very much—just enough to light the wood in the stove.

Denny loved to play. But he was very lonesome because no one would play with him. He had tried many times to make friends with other animals in the forest. But every time he played with them, he laughed. And when he opened his mouth, a small stream of fire and smoke would roll out. Then all the animals would laugh.

"We don't want to play with you," they would shout. "All you do is blow fire. You can't even fly yet. We don't want to play with you." And off they would go, leaving little Denny lonesome and unhappy.

One bright winter afternoon Denny decided to explore the forest. His parents had told him never to



wander far from home. But because he felt so good, and because it was such a lovely day, he just forgot the warning.

He walked and walked. About dinnertime it started to snow, and Denny decided to go home. He hadn't gone very far when he realized that he was lost. But Denny was a brave little dragon. He just squared his shoulders, breathed fire to melt the snow off his nose, and started to walk in the direction he thought he had come from.

It was getting darker and darker, and colder and colder. Denny had to breathe fire often to keep warm. How he wished he were home safe and warm with Mama and Papa!

Suddenly Denny heard a noise. It sounded like someone crying. Denny ran toward the noise and saw, in a clearing in the forest, a little boy and girl huddled together in the snow. Denny was so glad to see someone that, when he ran to them, he almost tripped on his tail. The children jumped up, and all three of them stood staring at each other. The children had never seen a dragon. And Denny had only read about children in his storybooks.

Finally Denny said, "Don't be afraid. I'm lost, too. Maybe we can help each other." And soon they were all talking like good friends.

It was dark now, and very, very cold. The children began to shiver. Denny had an idea. If he could start a fire to keep them warm, maybe someone would see the smoke. If he could only fly to the top of the dead tree at the edge of the clearing and get some dry wood. He MUST try to fly! He squeezed his arms tightly together, crouched low to the ground, then jumped with all his strength. He WAS flying! He flew straight to the tree and broke off a big armful of wood.

When he landed back on the ground, the children shouted, "Oh, how wonderful! We never knew anyone who could fly."

Denny fixed the wood for the fire. Then he stood back with his hands on his hips, opened his mouth and, with a bright spurt of fire and smoke, lighted the wood as he had for his mother's stove so many times.

The children were even more amazed. "How can you breathe fire?" they asked.

But Denny was already flying to the tree for another supply of wood. He had a big job to do now. He had to keep his friends warm.

All night long Denny flew back and forth, stopping only long enough to breathe more fire on the wood.

Finally the long night was over. The snow had stopped falling and the sun was just coming up. The children



had fallen asleep and the fire was blazing. Denny closed his tired little eyes for just a second—and was fast asleep. He was sleeping so soundly that he didn't hear the search party come. He didn't even awaken when the children's father picked him up and carried him back to their house.

After Denny had awakened and eaten a big breakfast, the people in the village heard the children tell how Denny had kept the fire going all night. He blushed and blushed but was quite happy to be the center of so much attention. Suddenly someone pointed to the doorway, and there stood Mama and Papa Dragon. They were smiling proudly.

All day there was a big celebration in the village with the dragon family giving exhibitions of fancy flying and fire-breathing. When it was time to leave for home, Denny promised to come back soon and play with all the children.

News travels fast in the forest. When the dragon family reached the cave, the animals were waiting for Denny.

"Isn't he a brave dragon!" they all said. "We're sorry we ever made fun of you, Denny. We want to play with you every day."

And from that day on, Denny was never lonely again.

Illustrated by Richard H. Sanderson



How To Make a Cave

By Rebecca Roman

Illustrated by Richard H. Sanderson

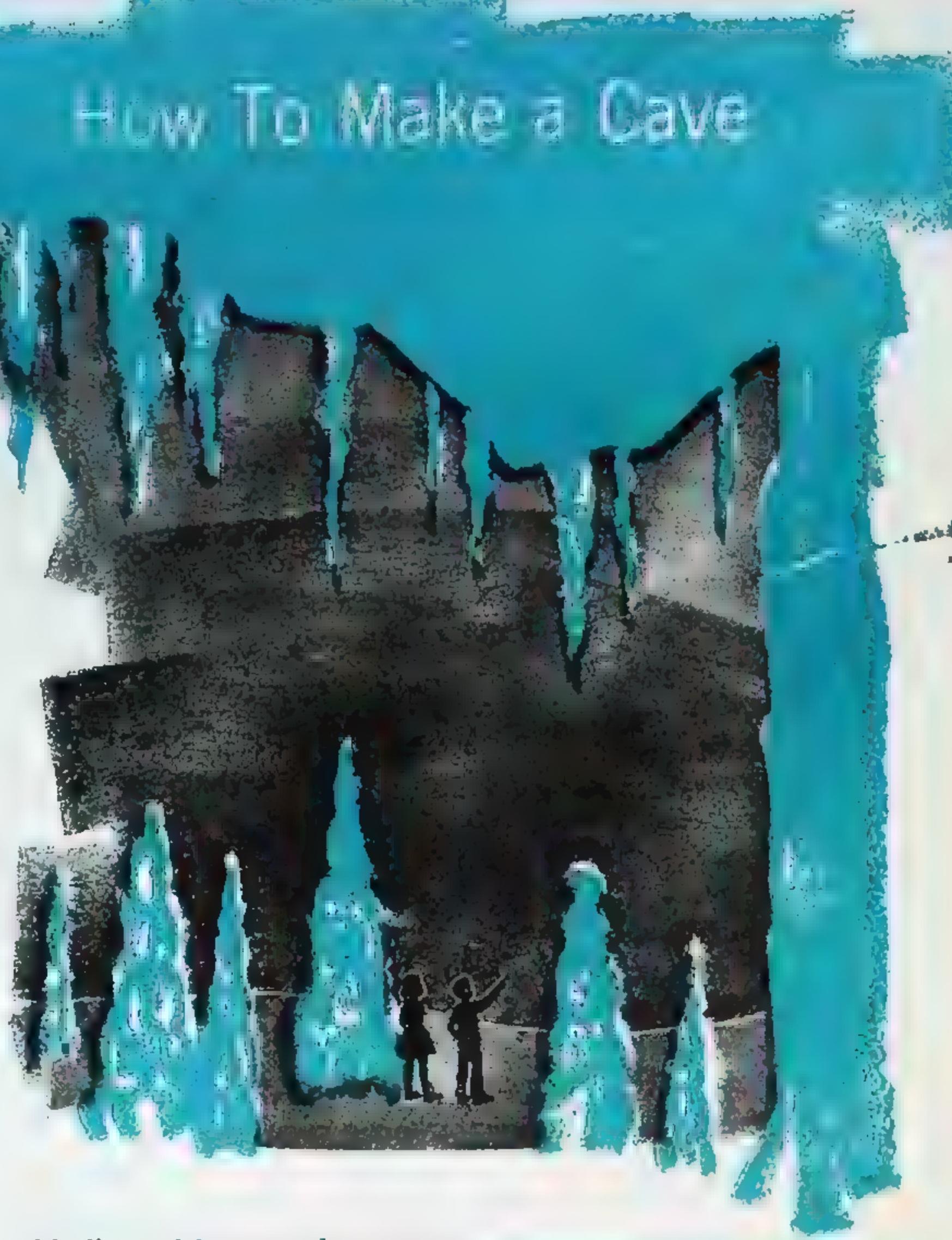
28

Scattered across our country there are thousands of caves. Some of them are very large, and some are beautiful. Some have been explored and fixed up with steps and lights, and even with elevators, so that they can be visited safely. How could you make caves so big? Let's see how nature did it. And then you can see if you want to try—if you think you have time.

Our big caves are always found in limestone which is mostly a stuff called calcium carbonate. Chalk is a very soft kind of limestone. And how did limestone get there in the first place? Well, it was taken out of sea water. A lot of our limestone started out a very long time ago as the shells of little animals—like the oysters and other shellfish which we have today. They made their own little built-on houses out of calcium from sea water.

When these animals died, their shells just stayed on. Over long periods of time—maybe millions of years—even little animals can leave a lot of shells. And as the piles grew higher, the shells at the bottom got crushed and cemented together.

The earth's surface was shrinking and shifting around, so that places which had been under the oceans were lifted up high and dry. The shell piles became covered up

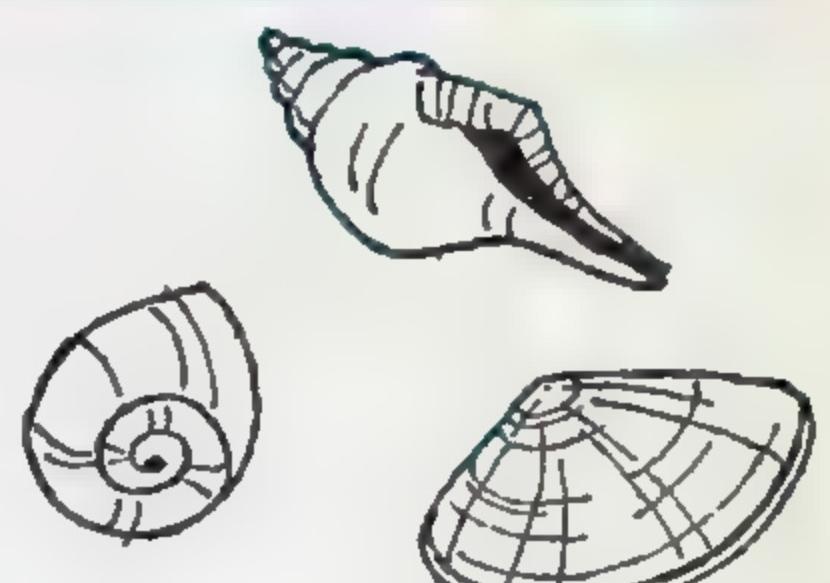


with dirt and in some places were folded down deep beneath the surface. All the time they were being pressed and cemented together.

So what started out as little animal shells has ended up as deposits of limestone scattered all over and under the land.

Now we get to the job of making the caves. All it took was soda water—a lot of it—and a long time.

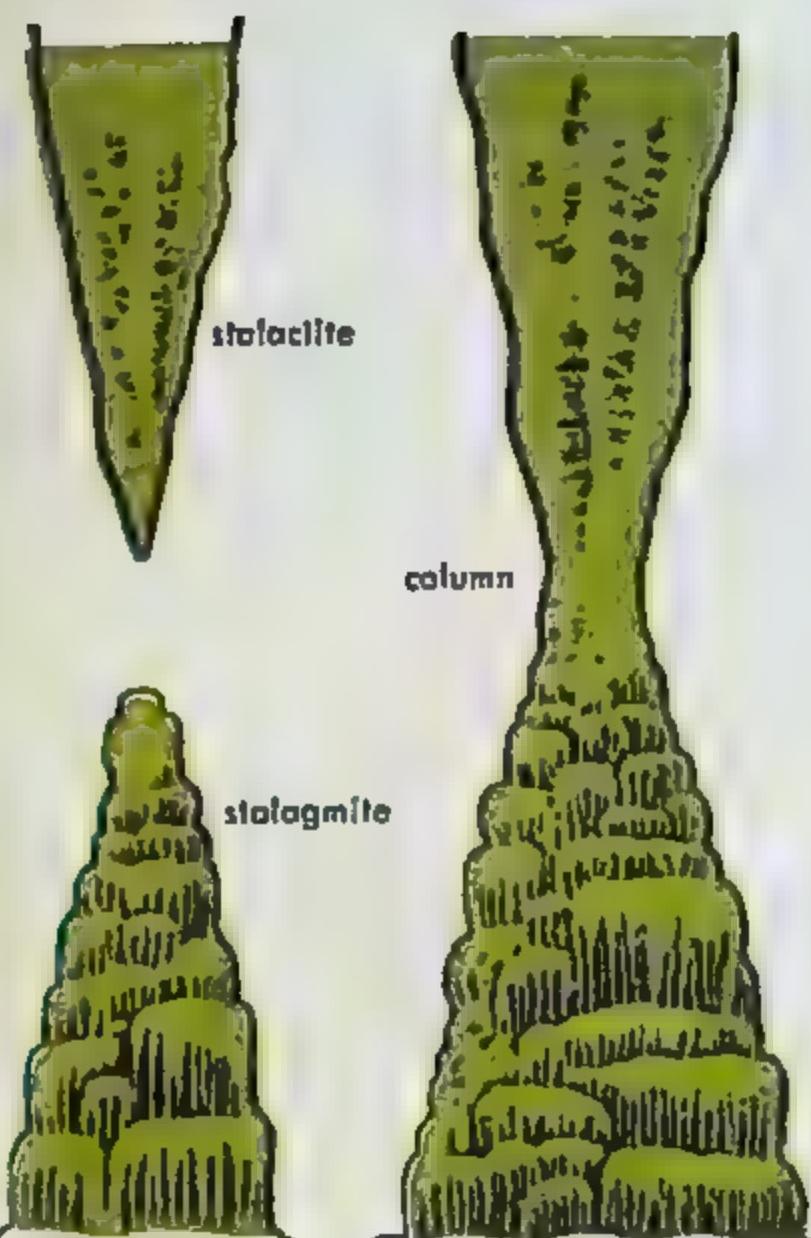
The soda water you get at a drugstore contains two ingredients: water plus a gas called carbon dioxide. Nature's soda water is just the same. Rain water picks up carbon dioxide from the air as it falls. And as water sinks through the soil, it gets a lot more carbon



Shellfish—a source of limestone

dioxide from decaying plants and animals.

Sometimes soda water is called carbonated water because carbon dioxide and water make an acid, carbonic acid. You have to be careful about most acids, but carbonic



acid is mild. You can drink it in your soda and it won't hurt you at all. But it will dissolve lime and limestone.

Now you can see how caves were formed. As nature's soda water trickled down through the ground, it kept nibbling away at the limestone deposits there. It hollowed out the rocks to make tunnels and underground rivers. Sometimes the hollowed-out rooms became very large. For example, "Big Room" at Carlsbad Caverns in New Mexico is 4000 feet long, 625 feet wide, and 300 feet high. As you can guess, all of this took lots of time—millions of years of it—and lots of water.

You probably are wondering now how these rooms and tunnels became dry enough for people to visit them. This happened because there were more changes in the earth's crust, new cracks and crevices. Some of these drove the underground rivers deeper underground. Others made new openings and allowed the rivers to escape outside.

After the rivers left, the caverns began to dry out, and still more

strange things happened. The acid water and limestone began to decorate the caverns. The magic of this really was simple. Since the limestone merely dissolved in the water, it did not disappear. It was still there to show up again when the water evaporated. And that's what happened. Now that the caverns were drier, the acid water evaporated and the carbon dioxide went back into the air.

When a drop of water evaporated, a little ring of limestone was left. Other drops of water found their way to the same spots, evaporated, and left lime deposits on top of the ones already there. And slowly, over thousands of years, the limestone deposits kept growing.

Some became beautiful, some freakish. They resembled people, plants, animals, and objects of all sorts.

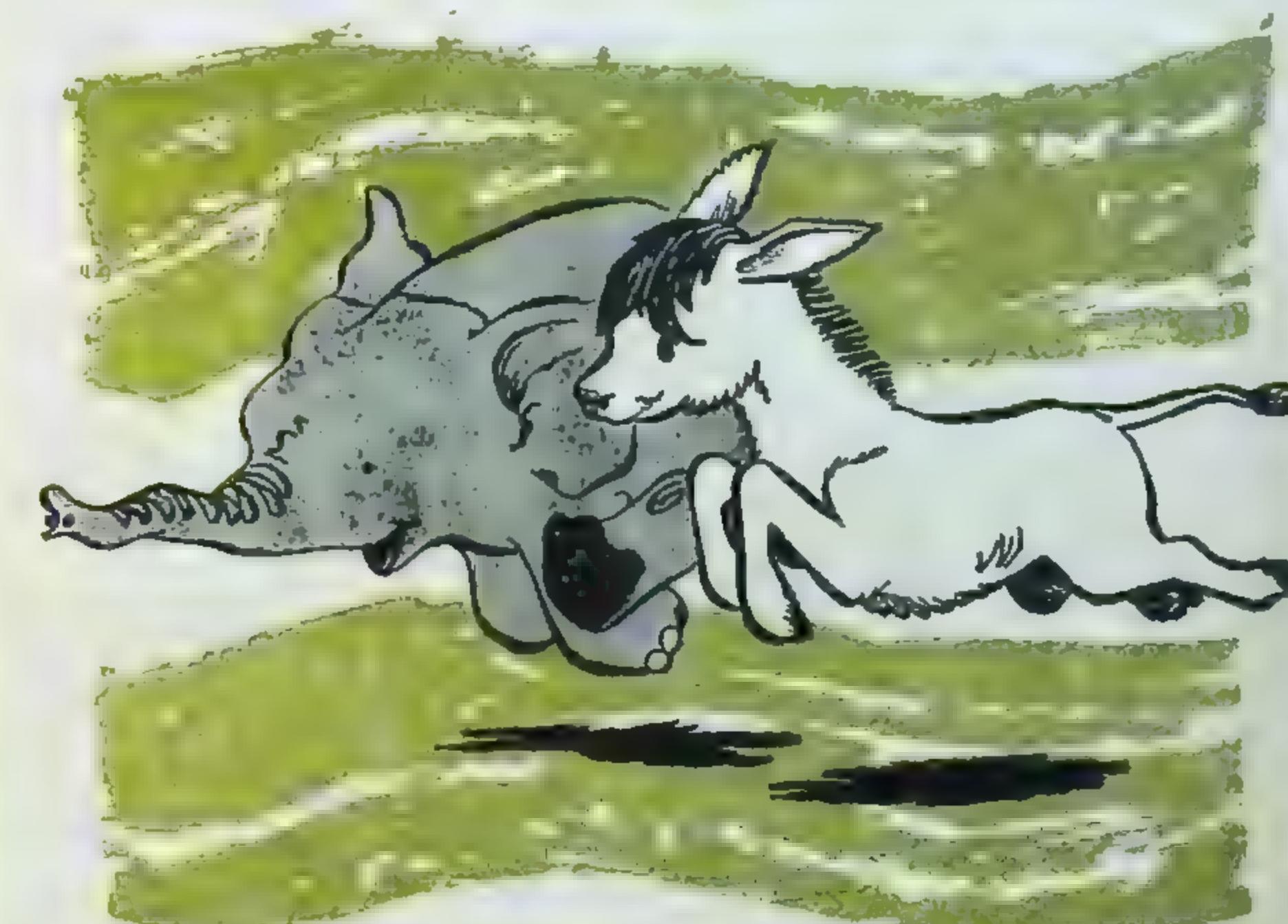
You can see why, in the caverns open to the public, special names have been given to the rooms—names like "The King's Palace," "The Queen's Chamber," "The Pa-poos'e Chamber," "The Giant Dome," and many others.

Some of the most exciting formations are those that hang from the ceiling like stone icicles. These are called stalactites ("c" hang from the ceiling). Others rise from the ground like stone candles with drippings down their sides. These are stalagmites ("g" point up from the ground). When stalactites and stalagmites meet, columns are formed.

There are also stone draperies which cross the ceiling—dripstone. Sometimes these look like strips of bacon because water has picked up other minerals and colored the lime deposits. And sometimes there are stone waterfalls along the walls from ceiling to ground—flowstone.

Probably there is a cave which you can visit somewhere in your state, and maybe right near your home. Usually there are lights behind the rocks to make it exciting, and coolness to make it pleasant, especially if you visit on a hot summer day. Look at one of these big caves and think, "I could make one of these, too, if I had enough soda water—and enough time."

29



The race is on. Which one will win?

Goofus and Gallant

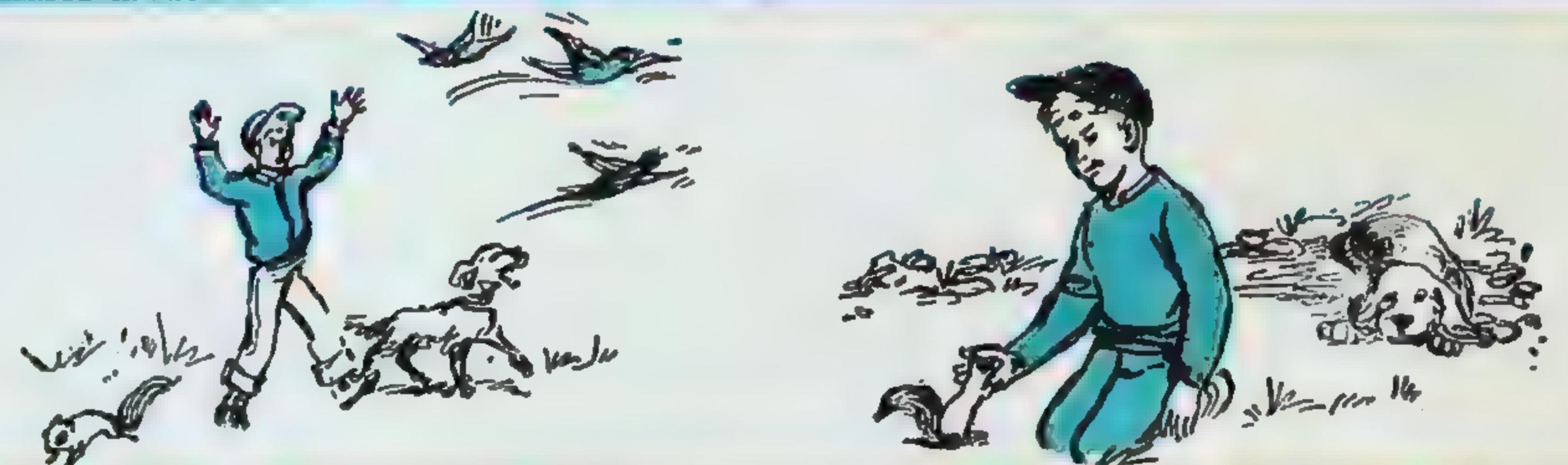
By Garry Cleveland Myers
Pictures by Marion Huff Hammel



"I don't like these nuts but I don't want that squirrel to have them," says Goofus.

"I'm glad that squirrel will have food next winter," says Gallant.

30



"My dog and I keep the squirrels and birds away."

"I teach my dog not to scare the birds and squirrels."



"I'm glad no other boys came along."

"I'm glad you could come along with us, Joe."

Dramatic ways of teaching English/Silence

Circus

Dog

By Lou and Campbell Grant



Once there was a circus and in the circus there was a fierce lion in a cage and a trainer who made the lion do tricks for the children who came to the circus . Also there was a nice clown and his little dog . The clown was trying to teach the little dog to jump through a paper hoop to make the children laugh. The little dog loved the clown better than anyone else in the circus , but he just couldn't jump through that paper hoop . One day when the trainer wasn't looking, the fierce lion got out of his cage and started going around the circus . When he spied the clown holding the hoop for the little dog , he started to sneak up behind him to jump on him. But just as the lion was about to spring on the clown , the little dog saw him. He gave a great run and jumped through the hoop right in front of the lion's nose. The lion was so scared that instead of biting the clown he ran away. The trainer caught the lion and put him back in the cage . And from then on the little dog could jump through the hoop .



Picture and word are better than the picture alone for helping the child teach himself to read

Our Own Page

32



A Lady

Gary G. Mellen, Age 4
16 Michael Rd.
Framingham, Mass.



Scott Hart, Age 7
Newton, Ga.

How Many

How many leaves are on a tree?
That's the question that bothers me.

How many leaves and how many branches?

I don't want to guess or take any chances.

How many trees in winter are bare?

Just how many trees are there?

Since no one knows and no one could

I'll just have to forget it as anyone would.

No matter how long I keep pondering

I'll have to go on wondering . . .

How many trees in winter are bare?

Just how many trees are there?

Ruth Ann Rhodes, Age 12
3243 Winfield
Indianapolis, Ind.



"Mayflower"

Mark Cross, Age 8
R.D. 2, Box 85
Summerville, Pa.



Pilgrim

Susan Small, Age 6
121 Homewood Dr.
Libertyville, Ill.



On Thanksgiving Day

Frances Peltz, Age 10
2900 W. Wright St.
Milwaukee, Wis.



Dick Deacon, Age 8
1721 S. 2nd St.
Aberdeen, S.D.

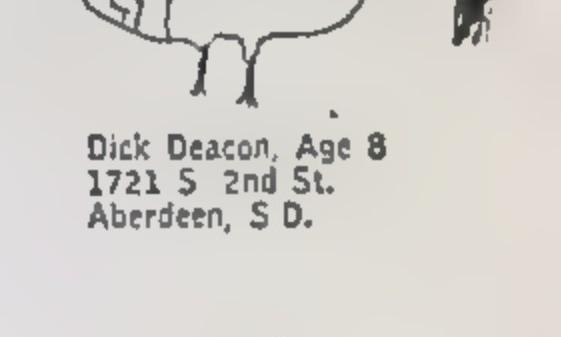


Girl at a Birthday Party

Anne Van Zelst, Age 5
180 Lockerbie Lane
Wilmette, Ill.



Yvonne Saverign, Age 9
R. 2, Box 1610
Battle Creek, Mich.



Scott Hart, Age 7



Turkey

Lori Breiner, Age 4
1009 42nd St., W.
Bradenton, Fla.



Leaning Tower of Pisa

Margaret Geelan, Age 8
Tirrenia, Italy

Milkweed Seeds

A milkweed seed
Is as white as milk,
And as soft as a feather.
And when they fall,
They fall together,
As free as free can be.

Jonena Smith, Age 8
3736 47th Pl., N.E.
Seattle, Wash.

What Animals Do

In the fall of the year,
When it starts getting late,
Some of the animals
Start to hibernate.
Some of them don't,
And get a warm, woolly coat,
Which is a little bit heavier
Than the one they used to tote.

Mary Holland, Age 8
531 E. Lincoln Ave
Mt. Vernon, N.Y.

My Prayer

Dear God,
Thank you for the food we eat,
Thank you for beds in which we sleep,
Thank you for the plants you grow,
Thank you for everything we know.

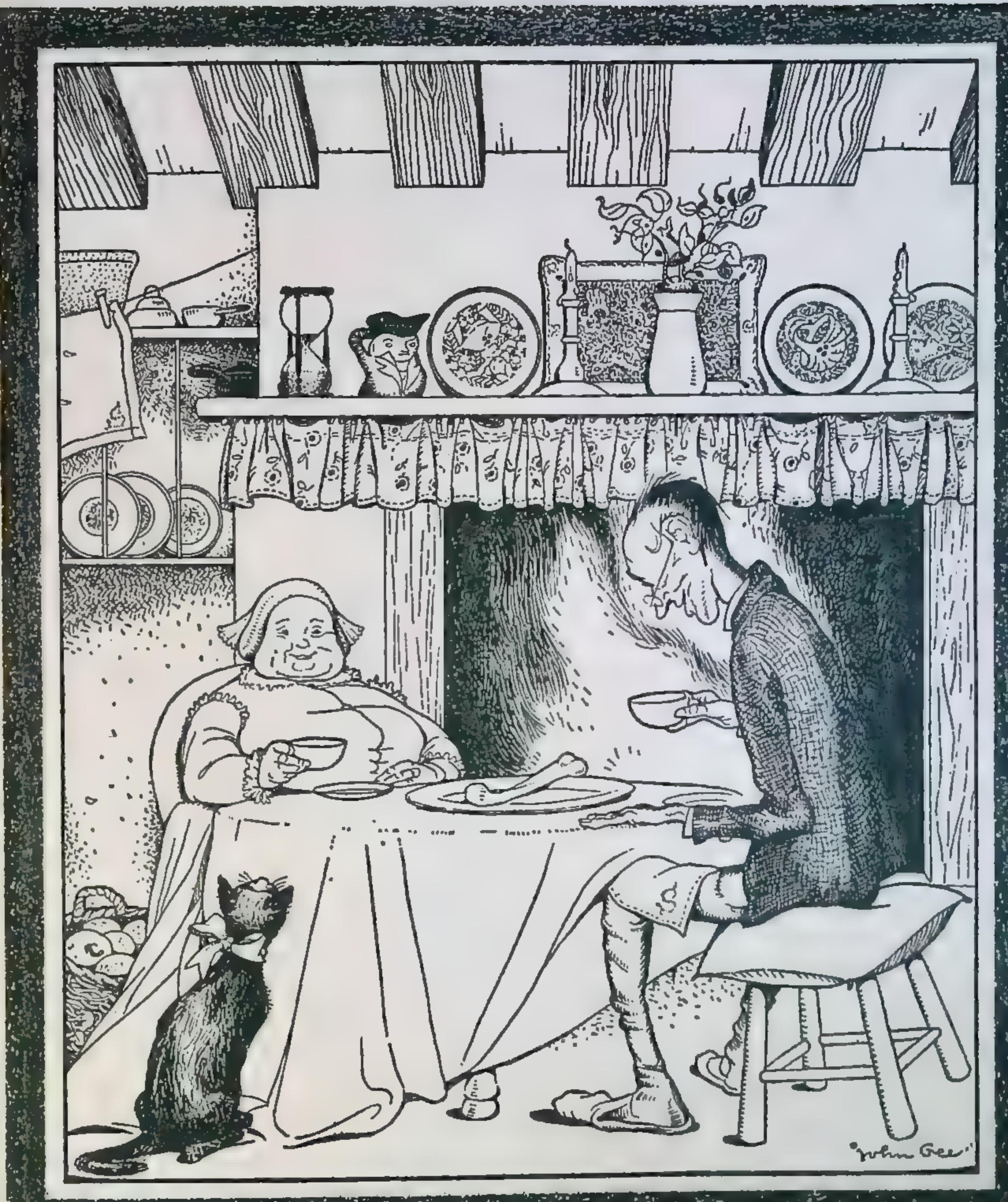
Edward Wolf, Age 8
19970 Lauder
Detroit, Mich.

Fall Season

Leaves are falling
To the ground.
With a rake
We build a mound.

Yellow, brown, and red leaves
Fall to the ground.
It makes me happy
Winter will be around.

Stuart Alzenberg, Age 6
11 Fairfield Ct.
Pittsburgh, Pa.



Mr. and Mrs. Jack Spratt

Hidden Pictures

In this large picture find the fish, two birds, dog, cat, doll, bell, basket, squirrel.

Please send your drawings in black on white paper about eight by eleven inches, with your name, address and age on the back. Also enclose a note from your parent or teacher stating that your drawings, stories, or verses are your very own. Mail to Highlights for Children, Honesdale, Pennsylvania. No contributions will be returned.

33

Spanish Dance from *La Vida Breve*

Manuel de Falla

Arranged by Irene Harrington Young

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34

Manuel de Falla 1876 - 1946

By Irene Bennett Needham

Illustrated by Jerome Weisman

"Where is Manuel?" asked Mother. "The guests are here. Where is he, Maria?"

"I don't know," answered Maria del Carmen in the soft Spanish of Cadiz.

"Well, tell all the children to look for him. A child away from home at carnival time! It is unheard of."

Obediently Maria ran off to do as bid. The children hunted Manuel in the house, in the garden, at the homes of neighbors. They asked everyone they met if the boy had been seen. Everyone in Cadiz knew Manuel, since he and his mother had played the organ in the Cathedral during Holy Week the year before when he was only nine years old. He was already quite famous as a musician.

The carnival was beginning to draw the masqueraders in fancy costumes from their homes, but still no Manuel de Falla to be found. Families were gathering on their balconies to watch the parade, but the de Falla balcony was empty.

Then one of the maids happened to go into a small dark closet full of books. There was Manuel, sitting cross-legged on the floor, completely unaware of the hubbub he had caused.

"Manuel," said his father, "what are you doing in there?"

"I'm collecting taxes in my city," said the ten-year-old boy.

You can imagine the excitement in this Spanish family. Unknown to them, he had found the little book closet and sat there for hours at a time, planning his own city. Its name was Colón which means Columbus. He wrote two newspapers for his city. One paper carried a serial "How Not To Be Afraid of Exams." He had an imaginary secretary and many employees. They had elections and even one small revolution. And now, on Carnival Day, he was sitting quietly supervising a make-believe group of tax collectors.

The de Falla children had their

own tutor, Clemente Parodi. Since there were no radios, movies, or television, the children amused themselves with their own games. Once they fixed up a small theater in which they played all the parts. Manuel wrote the plays and painted the scenery.

Very early in life Manuel de Falla composed interesting new music. We have none of his early pieces since he destroyed them later, but his family and friends enjoyed them. His mother was his first music teacher, and a very fine musician.

Cadiz was an interesting city for a musical child to live in. There were symphony concerts, and many musical groups of adults who played together for fun after the day's work was done. Whenever Manuel composed a new piece, it was played at the home of Don Salvador Viniegra, a center of musical interest. And we know that he played a complete concert of his own in the big showroom of Quirell's music store.

When Manuel was twenty, his family moved to Madrid. Manuel enrolled in the Conservatoire for the seven-year course. He knew so much of the work that he was permitted to take examinations. And in two years he passed all the examinations for the seven-year course.

In 1905 a contest was held in Madrid with a prize being offered for the best opera in one act. Manuel worked hard at this contest. He called his opera "Life Is Short." Even after it was handed in, he kept making corrections and taking them to the Conservatoire to be attached to his opera manuscript.

While he was working day and night on the opera, a music firm announced a contest. The best



Consider how many hours of music practice
Manuel de Falla did before he was nine years old

35

pianist was to receive a grand piano as a prize. So all the while he was writing and correcting the opera, he was also practicing furiously for the piano concert. When his turn came, he played with such delicacy and beauty that half the judges were in tears.

Yet, in spite of winning these two contests, Falla had trouble getting his music published. Finally he went to Paris where he met such famous musicians as Albéniz, Dukas, Debussy, and Ravel. These composers were very kind to Falla.

The Best Reason

We wash our hands

1. To make them clean.
2. To play with soap and water.
3. To keep dirt from our eyes.

They told their publisher about the wonderful music this young Spaniard had composed. Falla went to see the publisher, who accepted his work and paid him well. When Falla told his friends of his good fortune, they all exclaimed, "That is much more than he paid me!" Falla kept on writing music and getting it published.

In 1939, when Falla was sixty-three, he and his devoted sister Maria moved to South America. Without her he could not have lived, since servants wouldn't stay

more than a week. Small wonder! He had lunch about four o'clock in the afternoon, tea at seven, and dinner at midnight.

Falla was a deeply religious man. When he died in 1946 at the age of seventy, his body was brought back to Cadiz and buried in the Cathedral.

Mrs. Young has arranged a bit from his first opera "Life Is Short." To really enjoy Falla, you will need to listen to a recording of his brilliant and very different kind of music.

For each statement below, which reason given is the best?

Young children play with toys

1. To make them grow strong.
2. For fun.
3. Because other children do.

We brush our teeth after meals

1. To keep them from decaying.
2. To have something to do.
3. To enjoy our food more.

"Thank You" Around the World

By Charles F. Berlitz Berlitz School of Languages

Language How To Write It How To Say It

French	merci	mehr-see
German	danke	DAHN-keh
Spanish	gracias	GRAH-th'yahs
Italian	grazie	GRAH-ts'yeh
Russian	Спасибо	spah-SEE-boh
Hebrew	תודה	toh-DAH
Chinese	謝謝	shee-eh shee-eh
Norwegian	takk	tahk
Greek	Εύχαριστω	ef-hah-rees-TOH
Hawaiian	mahalo	mah-HAH-loh
Arabic	شكراً	ash-KOH-rakh



Girl: "Do you throw your quills when you're angry?"

Porcupine: "No, I can't throw them. But they're loose in my skin and come out easily. I just slap my enemy with my tail and the quills stick in his skin. They're hard to get out and they hurt, because they have barbs on the ends."

Girl: "Do you curl up in a ball when you're scared by something?"

Porcupine: "No, I just look that way because I protect my nose by sticking it down between my paws."



Things You've Wondered About

By Jack Myers

Professor of Botany and Zoology
University of Texas

Last month we talked about falling bodies and Galileo's famous experiment. Some 370 years ago in northern Italy, Galileo did an experiment from the top of a tower. He dropped iron balls of different sizes. They all hit the ground at the same time. And maybe you have done the same kind of experiment by standing on a chair and dropping two coins, like a dime and a half dollar. From all experiments like these we learn that the speed of a freely falling body is independent of its weight.

Last month I never did get around to the second part of the question. What does determine the speed of a falling body? There are two parts to the answer, so let's take them one at a time.

Galileo didn't stop with his experiment of dropping balls of different size. He asked questions about how fast things really do fall. And he discovered an important idea. If we apply a constant force or push on an object—and that's what the force of gravity does—then the object travels faster and faster, the longer it goes.

How fast something moves is its speed or velocity. We might measure speed in miles traveled in an hour (miles per hour) or

You can feel a wind blowing against you. And if the wind blows hard enough, you can even lean against it a little. If you build a big sail on a boat, you can make the wind push the boat along. If you fell out of an airplane, you would be moving through the air. The air would seem to be blowing up against you and trying to hold you back. And then, if you opened a parachute (I hope you would have one), it would give a bigger surface to push against the air and hold you back.

You have seen the effect of air resistance on the speed of falling bodies. A feather doesn't seem to fall very fast. Maybe you have seen a snowfall when the flakes were big and fluffy. The snowflakes just slowly drift down. For comparison, a hailstorm is made out of just the same stuff—ice—but it is a nice round compact little ball. And when the hail hits the ground, it usually is traveling pretty fast.

You can do an experiment to show the effect of air resistance



For cultivating neighborly feelings
with children of other lands.



Satisfy a child's curiosity and he has more of it—the secret of scientific discoveries.

Brain Work

on a falling body. If you stand on a chair or stool you can drop two coins, like a dime and a half dollar, and see that they hit the floor at the same time. Now take a paper napkin and crumple it up into a very small ball (such as you are not supposed to throw in a schoolroom). If you drop the paper ball and dime together they will land almost at the same time. Now pull open the paper ball so that it is big and fluffy, and try again. Or you can compare the fall of two paper balls, one big

and fluffy and one crumpled compactly together. You can see the effects of air on a falling body.

For a compact object—like an iron ball or a coin—air resistance does not have much effect until the speed gets very high. If experiments are done in a long glass tube with all the air pumped out (a vacuum), then there is no air resistance at all and a feather falls just as fast as an iron ball. When there is no air resistance, or when the effect of air resistance is small, we say that a fall-

ing body is a freely falling body.

You might like to consider that on the moon, objects must fall quite differently than they do on earth. The force of gravity on the moon is only a little more than one-sixth as great as it is on earth. So a falling body would speed up only about $5\frac{1}{2}$ feet per second in each second of fall. That's a lot less than on earth. But the moon has no air around it to slow down falling bodies. So a parachute wouldn't be much good to you on the moon.

Where Is My Number Ten Donkey?

38

An Italian Fable

Retold by Frances Jenkins Olcott



"Where is my number ten donkey?" shouted Beppo.

He had driven his father's ten donkeys to the market with baskets of fruit on their backs. He had sold the fruit. Now he climbed on a donkey and started for home with all the donkeys.

He counted them—one . . . two . . . three . . . four . . . five . . . six . . . seven . . . eight . . . nine—but no number ten donkey!

five . . . six . . . seven . . . eight . . . nine—but no number ten donkey!

His father came out to meet him. Beppo shouted, "My number ten donkey is missing."

His father counted the donkeys—one . . . two . . . three . . . four . . . five . . . six . . . seven . . . eight . . . nine . . . TEN!

"But, Father," said Beppo, "you counted wrong. My number ten donkey is not here."

His father laughed loud and long. "Who is the biggest donkey of all? YOU. You are RIDING your number ten donkey."

And so you know—

A Stupid Mistake May Make a Donkey of You.

★ Nothing on this page would be interesting to the child who couldn't reason.

When Said?

When was each of the following said? On Thanksgiving Day?
Sometime before Thanksgiving?
Sometime after Thanksgiving?

"That old turkey gobbler doesn't know what holiday comes tomorrow."

"This is the last Sunday in November."

"This holiday always comes on a Thursday."

"The leaves are beginning to get many beautiful colors."

"Several million children will go to school today for the first time."

Who Said It?

"Shall I trim your mustache, too?"

"Now here is the weather report."

"Keep this child in bed and give him only a liquid diet. I shall be back tomorrow."

"It will take some while to fill this prescription. Could you call back in half an hour?"

"I could make up a nice bouquet of snapdragons for you."

"The next stop is Times Square."

Sound Heard Farthest Away

Which sound will be heard farthest away? Which least far away?



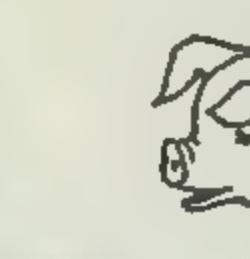
What about these birds tells you they wade to get food from the water?



How many toes has each of these creatures on each foot? Which creature has claws? How many toes have you on each foot?



sheep



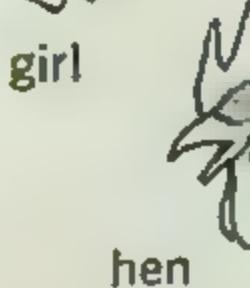
pig



girl



dog



hen

If you were blindfolded, how could you tell which pail is empty and which has most water in it, without putting your hand into the pails or lifting them?



Tap on them with a stick or pencil.

★ A lot of thinking stirred up by this page—thinking for fun.

Things To Do

Thanksgiving Table Favor

By Ruth Dougherty



Insert two toothpicks into a prune to form the turkey's legs and body. Break off a small portion from another toothpick, and stick it in at the tail. Spear six raisins onto the rest of the toothpick for the neck. Top the raisin neck with a small marshmallow to make the head. Tie on a small length of red yarn to represent the wattle.

Push the center of a paper candy cup over the toothpick tail to make the feathers. Stick the toothpick legs into a large colored gumdrop, so the turkey will stand.

Thanksgiving Decoration

By Ella L. Langenberg



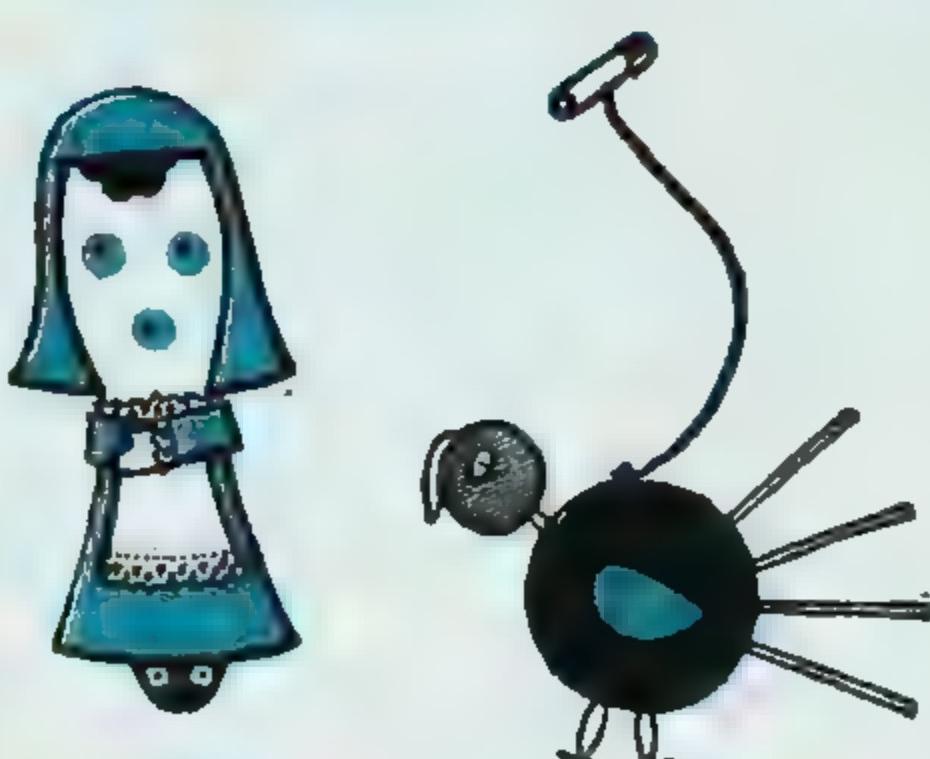
An appropriate decoration for Thanksgiving is a fruit-filled cornucopia, also called a "horn of plenty." The word cornucopia means plenty or abundance.

Draw a horn on 9-by-12-inch white construction paper. Color it yellow, orange, and brown. Cut slits as shown.

Draw and color fruit. At the bottom or side of each piece, draw a tab as shown. Cut out the fruit. Fold back the tabs and push them through the slits in the horn. Paste the tabs to the underside of the horn, and the fruit will stand away from it.

Novelty Pins

By Barbara Baker



Prudence is made from a small ice-cream spoon. Fasten a small safety pin to the back with gummed tape, running it through the pin and around the spoon to secure it. The features and hair are sequins. The dress is crepe paper, the arms a strip of matching paper. The hands and apron are bits of white paper doily. The shoes are black paper with round sequins cut square. The bonnet is bell-shaped white paper with a slit across the top to slide over the head.

The turkey is a cork ball with colored toothpick feathers. The neck is a short toothpick with a bead head stuck on the end. The nose and comb are bits of red felt. The eyes are sequins. The legs are pins with sequins and beads strung on them. The wing is colored felt. Put a small safety pin on one end of a ribbon or string. Pin the other end to the cork.

★ Using inexpensive materials or things on hand for creative fun.

By Luella Pierce

Oscar, the Owl



Fold 9-by-12-inch construction paper to 6-by-9 size. Draw the body with the top part on the fold. Cut it out, leaving the fold uncut. Using yellow construction paper about 5½ inches square, draw and cut out the head. For the feathers, cut white paper like the lower part of the head. Slash it about an inch deep and paste in place. With colored crayons, draw the face, wings, and other lines.

Fasten the head to the top center of the body with a two-prong paper fastener. The head will turn from side to side. The feet can be spread so the owl will stand.

By Barbara Baker

Cabin Picture



Choose a piece of thin board or heavy cardboard the size the picture is to be. Gather together twigs, small leaves and weeds, pine needles, small stones, burned matchsticks, bark, and the like.

With paint or water colors, put in the sky and ground, and a lake if desired. Use burned matches for trunks of small trees. Stain them for the cabin. Bark will make the trunks of the larger trees. Use small stones for the chimney; and leaves, weeds, and pine needles for the foliage. After the parts have been placed as desired, glue them to the board.

By Evelyn Walker

Rhythm Shaker and Cymbals



Force a small paper cup, bottom end first, into the end of a paper-towel tube. Put in a few beans, then force another paper cup into the tube, open end first, to completely block the tube opening. Cut a strip of crepe paper 18 by 6 inches. Fringe it as shown. Wrap the uncut edge around the end of the tube and paste on, letting the fringe dangle. Cover the entire tube with construction paper.

For the cymbals, use a tin lid with a lip, the kind that snaps in or screws on, to avoid sharp edges. Nail a 1-inch piece of broomstick to the center of the lid for the handle. A pair of these make very good rhythm cymbals, not too loud.

By Ouida Johnston Moore

Greeting-card Bookmarks



Look at old greeting cards for the prettiest or most interesting parts. Place a drinking glass on a card, carefully centering the part to be used. Draw around the edge, and cut out the circle. Do the same for the second part you want to use. Place the circles back to back. Cut a matching or harmonizing ribbon 12 to 15 inches long. Fold it in half, put the fold between the two circles, and paste together. Be sure to put paste all around the inside edge of the circles and a dab in the center to hold the ribbon in place. Press the circles together firmly with the ribbon between.

Headwork

Which do you like better, cold cereal or warm cereal?

Is an egg as round as a ball?

Which has more legs, a bird or a dog?

Can a girl drive a nail?

Is vinegar sweet or sour?

Why doesn't a mother sit on her baby's lap?

Touch your left foot with your right hand.

What does your mother do when she praises you? What does she do when she scolds you?

If you were as far away from another person as you could throw a stone, could he hear you easily if you talked to him?

What does a baby do when it drools?

Do all the children who go to your Sunday school or church also go to the same school you go to?

Why do we hear or see the following words several weeks before Christmas? "Do your Christmas shopping early." "Mail your Christmas packages early."

If you had a mailing tube fitting tightly over your left arm, including the elbow, could you scratch your face with your left hand?

Which can stop more quickly at a station, a bus or a train? Why?

Do you have an uncle whose last name is the same as your father's last name? What relation is this uncle to your father?

What is a tunnel? Do all tunnels run through or under mountains? Have you ever gone through a tunnel in a bus or automobile under a mountain? Under a river? Under a highway?

In the concrete walk was a crack as wide as a pencil. A heavy rain came, then it froze to ice. After the ice melted, the crack in the walk was much wider. How did this happen?

Why is a lunch box made of metal better than one made of cardboard?

"Somebody has been playing with my blocks," said little Walt. But he hadn't seen anyone playing with them. Then how did he know?

Does the eagle's head on a quarter face left or right?

While riding on a train, a man said, "They must have had a bad flood here." What could have caused this remark?

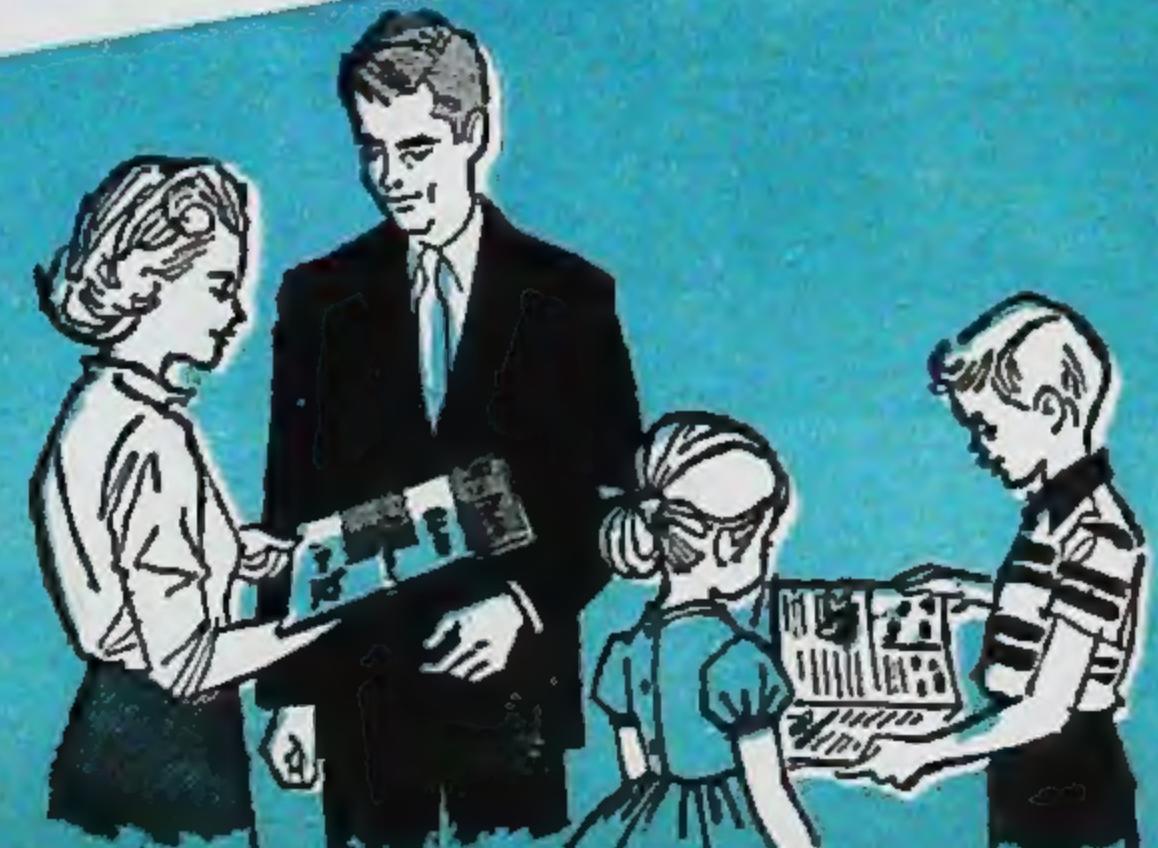
Soon after the hunters left for the woods nearby, a woman said, "They must have seen a deer." Why did she say this?

On the ground one morning were a few inches of snow. Said Molly, "A rabbit, a cat, and a dog were outside the house last night." Molly hadn't seen them. Then how did she know?

What would happen if you heated one end of a steel rod to red heat and stuck this end into a deep tub of water?

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on John by Joseph Krumgold. Crowell, 1959.

boy and his father learn to understand each other better through the help of an eccentric "onion ter."



World Song by Ann Nolan Clark. Viking, 1960.

A love of birds helps twelve-year-old Patrick to understand and open his heart to new and different faces in Costa Rica.

Make Way for Ducklings by Robert McCloskey. Viking, 1941.

A Book of Moon Rockets for You by Franklyn M. Branley. Crowell, 1959.

Intermediate and Upper Grades



Good Day—Which Way? by Charlotte Steiner. Knopf, 1960.

Little Rabbit learns how to tell his right hand from his left one.

Discovering Dinosaurs By Glenn O. Blough. McGraw, 1960.

The Door in the Wall by Marguerite De Angeli. Doubleday, 1949. Robin, the crippled son of an English lord, has great courage and finally becomes a knight.

The Roy Campanella Story by Milton J. Shapiro. Messner, 1958.

The Wind in the Willows by Kenneth Grahame. Scribner, 1960.

The World of Captain John Smith by Genevieve Foster. Scribner, 1959.

The Cheerful Heart by Elizabeth Janet Gray. Viking, 1959. Tomi, a Japanese girl, helps her family rebuild their lives in post-war Japan.



Head

Which do you like better
cereal?

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Can a girl drive a nail?

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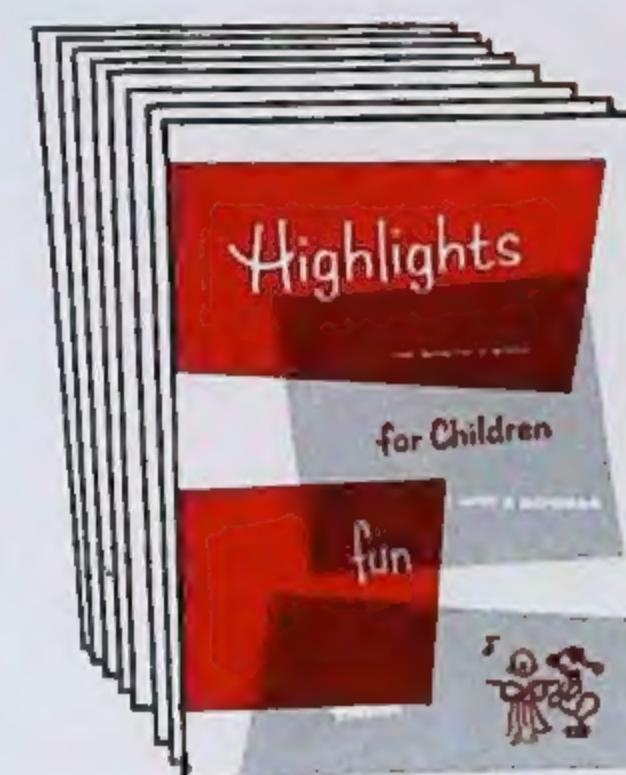
Do all the children wh
school or church also go t
go to?

Why do we hear or see
several weeks before C
Christmas shopping early."
packages early."

If you had a mailing tu
your left arm, including
scratch your face with your left hand?

Which can stop more quickly at a station, a
bus or a train? Why?

Mom, This Christmas



Give the children on your gift
list a year-long treat—a sub-
scription to *Highlights for Children*.
It's a monthly reminder of your
thoughtfulness.

Free for under the tree...

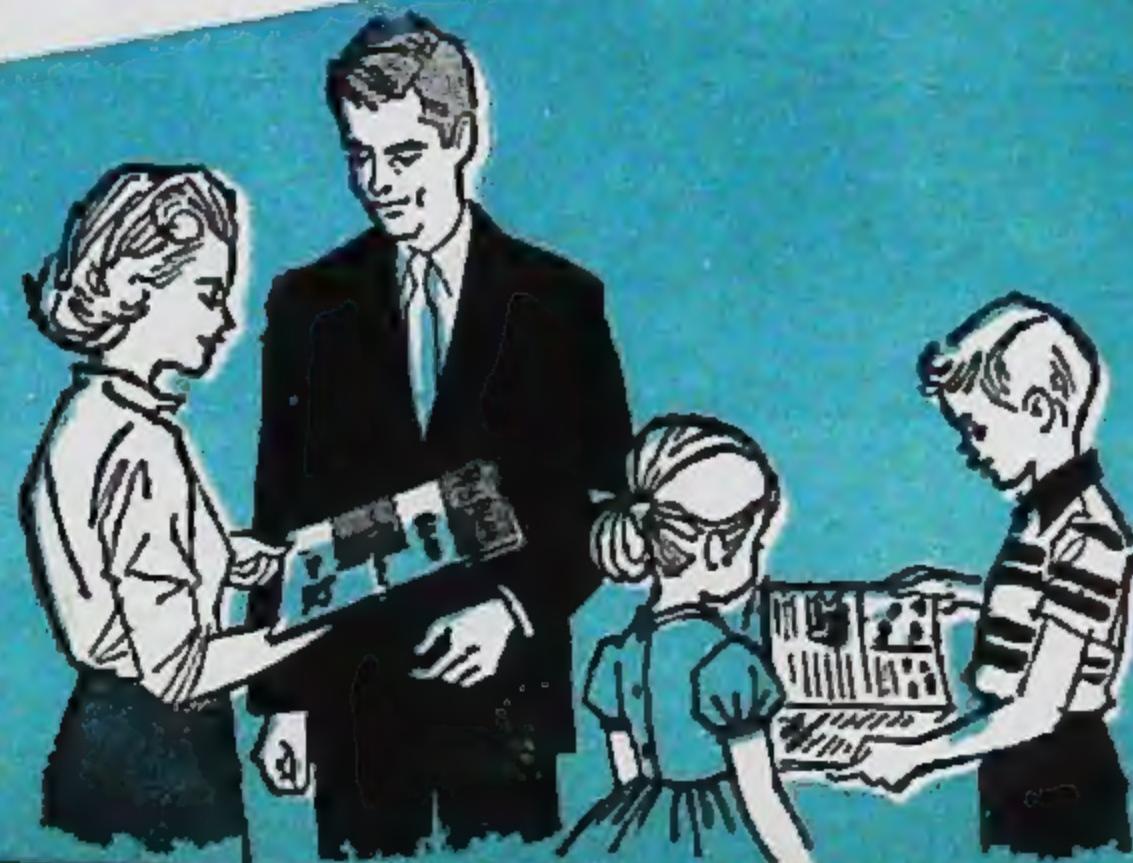
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Christmas to announce your gift and give a solid hour of Christ-
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What would happen if you heated one end of a
steel rod to red heat and stuck this end into a
deep tub of water?

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FOR CHILDREN, Inc., P.O. Box 269, Columbus, Ohio.



Wings for Your Reading

Reviewed by Paul Witty, Professor of Education
Northwestern University
and
Miriam Peterson, Director of Libraries
Chicago Public Schools

Picture Books and Books for Primary Grades



The Littlest One in the Family by
Lois Duncan. Dodd, 1960.

Please Pass the Grass by Leone
Adelson. McKay, 1960.

A beautiful picture book.

Make Way for Ducklings by Robert
McCloskey. Viking, 1941.

A Book of Moon Rockets for You
by Franklyn M. Branley. Crowell, 1959.

Nine Days to Christmas by Marie
Hall Ets and Aurora Labastida. Viking,
1959.

My Family by Miriam Schlein. Abelard-
Schuman, 1960.

I Went to the Animal Fair edited by
William Cole. World Publishing,
1958.

A collection of thirty-five poems
with pictures about animals.

Intermediate and Upper Grades



Good Day—Which Way? by Charlotte Steiner. Knopf, 1960.

Little Rabbit learns how to tell
his right hand from his left one.

The Roy Campanella Story by
Milton J. Shapiro. Messner, 1958.

The Wind in the Willows by Kenneth Grahame. Scribner, 1960.

Books have wings for you. They
can take you to faraway lands. In
them you can meet new people and
find adventure and excitement, too.
In books you can get answers to
most of your questions. Almost
everything man has done or
dreamed about is waiting for you in
the pages of books. Here is a list
of books, old and new.

Onion John by Joseph Krumgold.
Crowell, 1959.

A boy and his father learn to un-
derstand each other better through
the help of an eccentric "onion
eater."



World Song by Ann Nolan Clark.
Viking, 1960.

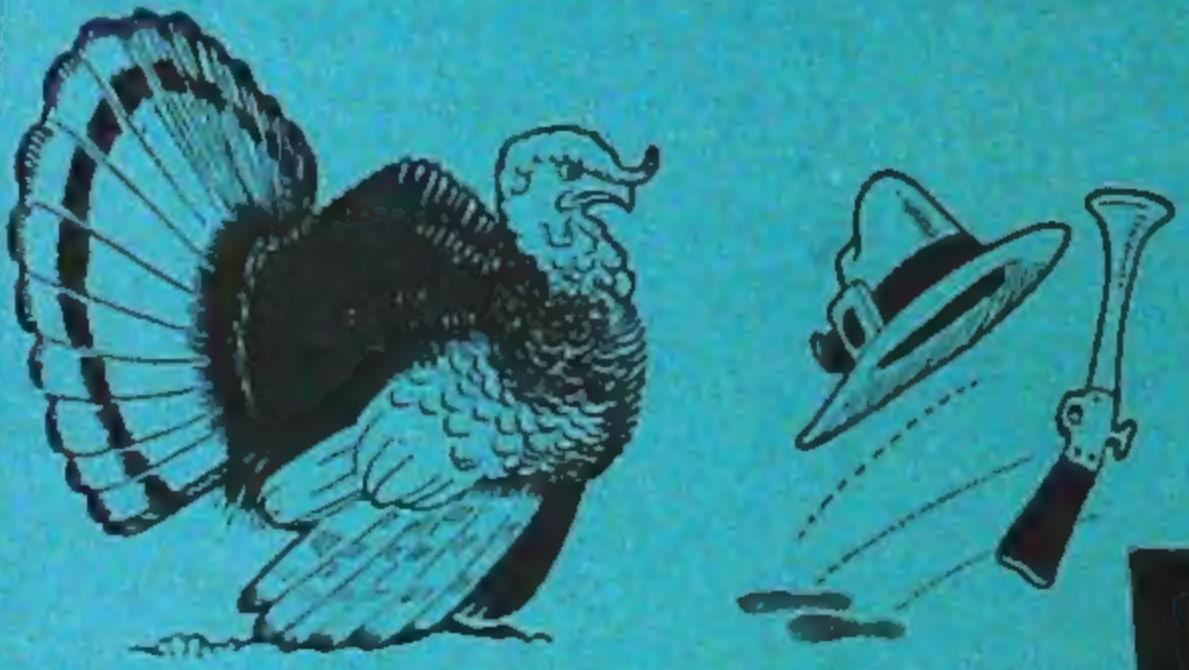
A love of birds helps twelve-year-
old Patrick to understand and open
his heart to new and different faces
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by Genevieve Foster. Scribner, 1959.

The Cheerful Heart by Elizabeth
Janet Gray. Viking, 1959.
Tomi, a Japanese girl, helps her
family rebuild their lives in post-
war Japan.

Good-bye!

until next month



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